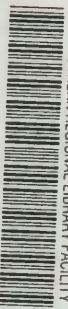


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THE BALL.

by

G. Chapman and J. Shirley

[1824].



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THE BALL.

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS AT THE PRIVATE
HOUSE IN DRURY LANE

WRITTEN BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY THOMAS COTES, FOR ANDREW CROOKE, AND
WILLIAM COOKE.

1639.

[reprint 1824]

PR
2447
B15
1824

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LORD RAINEBOW.
SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.
SIR MARMADUKE TRAVERS.
COLONEL WINFIELD.
MR. BOSTOCK.
MR. FRESHWATER.
MR. BARKER.
MONSIEUR LE FRISKE.
GUDGEON, *Servant to Freshwater.*
SOLOMON, *Servant to Lucina.*
Servants, &c.

LADY LUCINA.
LADY ROSAMOND.
LADY HONORIA.
MISTRESS SCUTILIA.
Venus, Diana, Cupid.

THE BALL.

A COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN, NEWGATE-STREET.

MDCCCXXIV.

LONDON :
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

THE BALL.

THIS excellent old Comedy was licensed to be acted on the 16th of November, 1632, and the representation appears, from the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, to have given great offence. "In the play of *The Ball*," says he, "written by Shirley, and acted by the Queen's Players, there were divers personated so lively, both of Lords and others of the Court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the Play, but that Biston [Christopher Beeston] promised many things, which I found fault withal, should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the Poet any more, who deserves to be punished; and the first that offends in this kind, of Poets or Players, shall be sure of public punishment." From an allusion to this Play in the following passage in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, it appears not unlikely that the admonition of the Master of the Revels induced the poets to leave out some of the more obnoxious parts in the publication of it.

"Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse, your revels in the night,
Your meetings, call'd *The Ball*, to which appear,
As to the Court of Pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a *subpoena*
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure:

'Tis but the Family of Love, translated
 Into more costly sin: there was a *play* on't;
 And had the Poet not been brib'd to a modest
 Expression of your antic gambols in't,
 Some darks had been discovered; and the deeds too;
 In time he may repent, and make some blush,
 To see the second part danc'd on the stage."

According to Sir Henry Herbert, in the passage above quoted, *The Ball* was written by Shirley, and from internal evidence we should say, that if not the whole yet the greater part was written by him. There is more nicety and discrimination in the characters than Chapman was capable of, and the humour is chiefly of that kind in which Shirley delights and excels.

THE BALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE TRAVERS *and* MR. BOSTOCK.

Bos. WHITHER so fast, Sir Marmaduke? a word.

Mar. My honorable blood! would I could stay
To give thee twenty: I am now engag'd
To meet a noble gentleman.

Bos. Or rather
A gentlewoman; let her alone, and go
With me.

Mar. Whither?

Bos. I'll shew thee a lady of fire.

Mar. A lady of the lake were not so dangerous.

Bos. I mean a spirit; in few words, because
I love thee, I'll be open; I am going
To see my mistress.

Mar. I'll dispense with my

Occasion to see a handsome lady,
I know you'll chuse a rare one.

Bos. She is a creature
Worth admiration ; such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides—thou canst not chuse
But know her name, the Lady Lucina.

Mar. Is she your mistress ?

Bos. Mine ! whose but mine ?
Am I not nobly born ? does not my blood
Deserve her ?

Mar. To tell you truth, I was now going thither,
Though I pretended an excuse, and with
A compliment from one that is your rival.

Bos. Does she love any body else ?

Mar. I know not,
But she has half a score, upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.

Bos. Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coats—

Mar. He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.

Bos. Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning ; if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry—

Mar. I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.

Bos. Is he a branch of the nobility ?
How many lords can he call cousin ? else
He must be taught to know he has presum'd
To stand in competition with me.

Mar. You will not kill him?

Bos. You shall pardon me ;

I have that within me must not be provok'd,
There be some living now that have been kill'd
For lesser matters.

Mar. Some living that have been kill'd !

Bos. I mean some living that have seen examples,
Not to confront nobility ; and I
Am sensible of my honour.

Mar. His name is
Sir Ambrose.

Bos. Lamount : a knight of yesterday,
And he shall die to-morrow ; name another.

Mar. Not so fast, sir ; you must take some breath.

Bos. I care no more for killing half a dozen
Knights of the lower house ; I mean that are not
Descended from nobility, than I do
To kick any footman ; an' Sir Ambrose were
Knight of the Sun, king Oberon should not save him,
Nor his queen Mab.

Enter SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Mar. Unluckily he's here, sir.

Bos. Sir Ambrose,
How does thy knighthood? ha!

Amb. My nymph of honour, well ; I joy to see thee.

Bos. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina.

Amb. I have ambition
To be her servant.

Bos. Hast? thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend
Thy judgement.

Amb. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.

Bos. Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.
But I could never see you there.

Mar. I hope,
Sir, we may live.

Bos. I'll tell you, gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one livery;
I serve that lady too; you understand me:
But who shall carry her, the fates determine;
I could be knighted too.

Amb. That would be no addition to
Your blood.

Bos. I think it would not; so my lord told me;
Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my other
Cousin; there's a spark his predecessors
Have match'd into the blood; you understand
He put me upon this lady; I proclaim
No hopes; pray let's together, gentlemen;
If she be wise—I say no more; she shall not
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword, I have vow'd that.

Mar. You did but jest before.

Amb. 'Twere pity that one drop
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground:
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die.

Mar. As I believe them not immortal, sir.

Amb. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes

To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Sir Marmaduke! in private: my lady would speak with you. *[aside to Sir Marmaduke.]*

Amb. 'Tis her servant, what's the matter?

Bos. I hope he is not sent for.

Sol. But come alone, I shall be troubled with their inquiries, but I'll answer 'em.

Amb. Solomon! *[takes him aside.]*

Sol. My lady would speak with you, sir.

Amb. Me?

Sol. Not too loud; I was troubled with Sir Marmaduke.

Mar. This is good news. *[aside.]*

Bos. I do not like this whispering.

Sol. *[to Sir Amb.]* Forget not the time, and to come alone.

Amb. This is excellent. *[aside.]*

Bos. Solomon, dost not know me? *[takes him aside.]*

Sol. My business is to you, sir; these kept me off; my lady Lucina has a great mind to speak with you. Little do these imagine how she honours you.

Bos. If I fail, may the surgeon, when he opens the next vein, let out all my honorable blood:

There's for thy pains; what thou shalt be hereafter Time shall declare; but this must be conceal'd. *[exit Solomon.]*

Amb. You look pleasant.

Mar. No, no; I have no cause; you smile, Sir Ambrose.

Amb. Who, I?—The Colonel.

Enter the COLONEL.

Mar. But of our file, another of her suitors.

Amb. Noble Colonel.

Col. My honoured knights, and men of lusty kindred.

Bos. Good morrow.

Col. Morrow to all gentlemen: I'll tell you
Who is return'd.

Amb. From whence?

Col. A friend of ours that went to travel.

Mar. Who, who?

Col. I saw him within these three minutes, and know
not how I lost him again; he's not far off: d'ye keep a ca-
talogue of your debts?

Bos. What debts?

Col. Such dulness in your memory! there was
About six months ago a gentleman
That was persuaded to sell all his land,
And to put the money out most wisely,
To have five for one at his return from Venice:
The shotten herring is hard by.

Amb. Jack Freshwater! I'll not see him yet.

Bos. Must we pay him?

Col. It will be for your honour; marry, we,
Without much stain, may happily compound,
And pay him nothing.

Enter FRESHWATER, MONSIEUR LE FRISKE, and GUDGEON.

Here comes the thing!

With what formality he treads, and talks,
And manageth a toothpick like a statesman.

Amb. How he's transform'd!

Mar. Is not his soul Italian?

Bos. I'll not bid him welcome home.

Amb. Nor I.

Mar. What's the other rat that's with him?

Col. D'ye not know him; 'tis the court dancing weasel.

Mar. A dancer, and so gay!

Col. A mere French footman, sir; does he not look
Like a thing come off o'th' saltcellar?

Mar. A dancer?

I would allow him gay about the legs,
But why his body should exceed decorum,
Is a sin o'th' state.

Fres. That's all

[to *Le Friske.*

I can inform you of their dance in Italy;
Marry, that very morning I left Venice,
I had intelligence of a new device.

Le Fris. For the dance, Monsieur?

Fres. *Si, signior*: I know not
What countryman invented, but they say
There be chopinoes made with such rare art,
That, worn by a lady, when she means to dance,
Shall with their very motion sound forth music,
And by a secret sympathy with their tread
Strike any tune, that without other instrument,
Their feet both dance and play.

Le Fris. Your lodging, Monsieur?
That when I have leisure I may dare

Present an humble *serviteur*.

Fres. I do lie

At the sign of *Donna Margareta de Pia*
In the Strand.

Gud. At the Magget a Pie in the Strand, sir.

Le Fris. At *de Magdepie, bon, adieu, serviteur.* [exit.

Amb. He will not know us.

Gud. D'ye see those gentlemen ?

Fres. Thou Pantalone,* be silent.

Col. I'll speak to him :

You're welcome home, sir.

Fres. Signior! [exit.

Col. He will not know me, this is excellent :

He shall be acquainted better, ere I part
With any sums.

Amb. Next time we'll not know him.

Bos. Would all my creditors had this blessed ignorance !

Mar. Now, colonel, I'll take my leave.

[*exceunt Sir Marmaduke and Sir Ambrose.*

Bos. I am engag'd too.

Col. Well.

Bos. I shall meet you anon,

I am to wait upon a cousin of mine.

Col. A countess ?

* *Pantalone.* In the old edition this word is spelt *Platalone*, which is most probably an error of the press. That a person who pretends to have just returned from Venice, and who affects, in consequence, a knowledge of the Italian language, should sprinkle his conversation with Italian, is likely enough. The character of Pantalone (an old man) was common on the Italian stage, and is, it is conjectured, used here in the sense of *Dotard*.

Bos. My lord.

Enter LORD RAINEBOW and BARKER.

Lord R. Cousin !

Bos. Your lordship honours me in this acknowledgement.

Lord R. Colonel !

Bos. D'ye not know me, sir ?

Bar. You're not a proclamation that every man is bound to take notice of, and I cannot tell who you are by instinct.

Lord R. A kinsman of mine, Frank.

Col. Good morrow to your lordship.

Lord R. Colonel, your humble servant ; hark you,
Frank ! [*exeunt Lord Rainebow and Barker.*]

Bos. You are acquainted with my lord then.

Is he not a complete gentleman ? his family

Came in with the Conqueror.

Col. You had not else been kin to him.

Bos. A poor slip, a scion from that honorable tree.

Col. He is the ladies' idol, they have not leisure
To say their prayers for him ; a great advancer
Of the new ball.

Bos. Nay, he's right, right as my leg, colonel.

Col. But t' other gentleman, you do not know his inside.

Bos. I have seen him ; he looks philosophical.

Col. Who ! he's the wit, whom your nobility
Are much oblig'd to for his company ;
He has a railing genius, and they cherish it,
Flings dirt in every face when he's i' the humour,
And they must laugh, and thank him ; he is dead else.

Bos. Will the lords suffer him ?

Col. Or lose their mirth ; he's known in every science,
 And can abuse 'em all ; some have supposed
 He has a worm in's brain, which at some time
 O' the moon doth ravish him into perfect madness ;
 And then he prophecies, and will depose
 The emperor, and set up Bethlem Gabor.*

Bos. He's dead ; I hope he will not conjure for him.

Col. His father shall not 'scape him nor his ghost,
 Nor heaven, nor hell, his jest must have free passage ;
 He's gone ! and I lose time to talk of him :
 Farewell ! Your countess may expect too long.

Bos. Farewell ! colonel.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LADY ROSAMOND, *and* LADY HONORIA.

Ros. Why do you so commend him ?

Hon. Does he not
 Deserve it ? Name a gentleman in the kingdom,
 So affable, so moving in his language,
 So pleasant, witty, indeed every thing
 A lady can desire.

Ros. Sure thou dost love him ;
 I'll tell his lordship, when I see him again,
 How zealous you are in his commendation.

Hon. If I be not mistaken, I have heard
 Your tongue reach higher in his praises, madam,

* Bethlem Gabor, the famous Prince of Transylvania, being proclaimed King of Hungary, was opposed by the Emperor, and obliged to conclude a peace in 1624.

How'er you now seem cold ; but if you tell him
 My opinion, as you shall do him no pleasure,
 You can do me no injury ; I know
 His lordship has the constitution
 Of other courtiers—they can endure
 To be commended.

Ros. But, I pr'ythee, tell me,
 Is't not love whence this proceeds ? I have,
 I must confess, discours'd of his good parts,
 Desir'd his company.

Hon. And had it ?

Ros. Yes, and had it.

Hon. All night.

Ros. You are not, I hope, jealous :
 If I should say all night, I need not blush,
 It was but at a ball ; but what of this ?

Hon. E'en what you will.

Ros. I hope you have no patent
 To dance alone with him ; if he have privilege
 To kiss another lady, she may say
 He does salute her, and return a curtesey
 To shew her breeding ; but I'll now be plainer :
 Although you love this lord, it may be possible
 He may dispose his thoughts another way.

Hon. He may so.

Ros. Who can help it ? he has eyes
 To look on more than one, and understands,
 Perhaps to guide and place his love upon
 The most deserving object.

Hon. Most deserving !

This language is not level with that friendship
You have profess'd ; this touches a comparison.

Ros. Why do you think all excellence is throng'd
Within your beauty !

Hon. You are angry, lady ;
How much does this concern you to be thus
Officious in his cause, if you be not
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection ;
I must interpret this no kind respect
To me.

Ros. Angry ! ha, ha !

Hon. You then transgress against civility.

Ros. Good madam, why ? because
I think and tell you that another lady
May be as handsome in some man's opinion ;
Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold
Proportion with you, on some entreaty ?

Enter LORD RAINEBOW.

Lord R. They're loud, I'll not be seen yet.

Ros. What is it that exalts you above all
Comparison ? my father was as good
A gentleman, and my mother has as great
A spirit.

Hon. Then you love him too ?

Ros. 'Twill appear
No greater miracle in me, I take it :
Yet difference will be, perhaps I may
Affect him with a better consequence.

Hon. Your consequence perhaps may be denied too :
 Why there are no such wonders in your eye,
 Which other compositions do not boast of.
 My lord, no doubt, hath in his travels clapp'd
 As modest cheeks, and kiss'd as melting lips.

Ros. And yet mine are not pale.

Hon. It may be, they blush for the teeth behind them.

Ros. I have read
 No sonnets on the sweetness of your breath.

Hon. 'Tis not perfum'd.

Ros. But I have heard your tongue exalted much,
 Highly commended.

Hon. Not above your forehead,
 When you have brush'd away the hairy penterush,*
 And made it visible.

Lord R. I'll now interrupt 'em ;
 They'll fall by the ears else presently. [*he comes forward.*]

Hon. My lord.

Lord R. What, in contention, ladies ?

Ros. Oh, my lord, you're welcome.

Lord R. Express it in discovery of that
 Made you so earnest ; I am confident
 You were not practising a dialogue
 To entertain me.

Hon. Yet it did concern you.

Ros. Do not you blush ? fie, madam.

* *Penterush* is printed *pentehrush* in the original edition. It is probable, the author intended to write *penterush*, meaning a penthouse, the overhanging roofs and porches of houses being then usually thatched with rushes ; although I have never seen the word used before.

Lord R. Nay, an' you come to blush once, and fie, madam, I'll know the secret, by this kiss I will,

And this. *[he kisses them both.*

Hon. You were kiss'd first, discover now
At your discretion.

Ros. My lord, we were in jest.

Hon. It might have turn'd to earnest, if your lordship
Had not interpos'd.

Lord R. Come, out with it.

Ros. We had a difference.

Lord R. Well said.

Ros. About a man in the world ; you had best name him

Hon. You have the better gift at telling secrets.

Lord R. Yet again, come I'll help it out ; there is
A gentleman in the world, some call a lord.

Ros. Did your lordship overhear us ?

Lord R. Nay, nay, you must stand to 't—one whom you
Love ; it will appear no greater miracle
In you, I take it ; one, no doubt, that hath
Travell'd, and clapp'd as modest cheeks, and kiss'd
As melting lips ; thus far I'm right, but what
Name this most happy man doth answer to,
Is not within my circle.

Hon. Yet you know him.

Ros. Not to retain your lordship longer in the dark,
Confident you'll not accuse my modesty
For giving you a truth, you shall not travel
Beyond yourself to find his name ; but do not
Triumph, my lord.

Lord R. Am I so fortunate ?

Then, love, I do forgive thee, and will cherish
 The flame I did suspect would ruin me ;
 You two divide my love, only you two ;
 Be gentle in your empire, heavenly ladies !
 No enemy abroad can threaten you.
 Be careful, then, that you maintain at home
 No civil wars.

Hon. How d'ye mean, my lord?

Lord R. You are pleas'd to smile upon me, gentle lady;
 And I have took it in my heart more than
 Imaginary blessings ; with what pleasure
 Could I behold this beauty, and consume
 My understanding to know nothing else,
 My memory to preserve no other figure.

Ros. My lord, I am not worth your flattery.

Lord R. I flatter you? Venus herself be judge,
 To whom you are so like in all that's fair,
 'Twere sin but to be modest.

Ros. How, my lord?

Lord R. Do not mistake me ; 'twere
 A sin but to be modest in your praises :
 Here's a hand, nature shew me such another ;
 A brow, a cheek, a lip, and every thing.
 Happy am I that Cupid's blind.

Ros. Why happy?

Lord R. If he could see, he would forsake his mistress
 To be my rival, and for thy embraces
 Be banish'd heaven.

Hon. My lord, I'll take my leave.

Lord R. If you did know how great a part of me

Will wither in your absence, you would have
 More charity ; one accent of unkind
 Language from you doth wound me more than all
 The malice of my destinies ; oh, dear madam,
 You say you'll take your leave of your poor servant ;
 Say, rather, you will dwell for ever here,
 And let me stay and gaze upon
 Your heavenly form.

Hon. I can be patient
 To hear your lordship mock me ; these are but
 A coarse reward for my good thoughts.

Lord R. This 'tis to use plain dealing, and betray the inside
 Of our hearts to women ; did you think well of me
 So late, and am I forfeited already.
 Am I a Christian ?

Hon. Yes, I hope, my lord.

Lord R. Make me not miserable then, dear madam,
 With your suspicion ; I dissemble with you !
 But you know too well what command your beauty
 Has upon me.

Hon. Give me leave,
 My lord, to wonder you can love me,
 With such a flame you have express'd, yet she
 Your mistress.

Lord R. You are both my mistresses.

Ros. I like not this so well.

Lord R. There is no way but one to make me happy.

Hon. I wish, my lord, I had the art to effect
 What you desire.

Ros. Or I.

Lord R. It is within
Your powers.

Hon. Speak it, my lord.

Lord R. Since it is so

That I'm not able to determine which
My heart, so equal unto both, would chuse,
My suit is to your virtues ; to agree
Between yourselves, whose creature I shall be.
You can judge better of your worths than I ;
My allegiance shall be ready, if you can
Conclude which shall have the supremacy ;
Take pity on your servant, gentle ladies,
And reconcile a heart too much divided :
So, with the promise of my obedience
To her that shall be fairest, wisest, sweetest
Of you two, when I next present a lover,
I take distracted leave.

[*exit.*

Hon. Why, this is worse than all the rest.

Ros. He's gone,

And has referr'd himself to us.

Hon. This will

Ask counsel.

Ros. And some time ; I would be loth

To yield.

Hon. And I ; Cupid instruct us both.

[*exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BARKER, FRESHWATER, and GUDGEON.

Bar. And what made you undertake this voyage,
Sweet Signior Freshwater?

Fres. An affection
I had to be acquainted with some countries.

Gud. Give him good words.

Bar. And you return fraught home with the rich devices,
Fashions of steeples, and the situations
Of gallowses, and wit, no doubt, a bushel.
What price are oats in Venice?

Fres. Signior,
I kept no horses there, my man and I—

Bar. Were asses.

Fres. How, signior?

Gud. Give him good words, a pox take him.

Bar. Had not you land once?

Fres. I had some dirty acres.

Gud. I am his witness.

Fres. Which I reduced into a narrow compass,
Some call it selling.

Gud. He would sell bargains of a child.

Fres. And 'twas a thriving policy.

Bar. As how?

Fres. It was but two hundred pound per annum, sir;
A lean revenue.

Bar. And did you sell it all?

Fres. I did not leave an acre, rod, or perch ;
That had been no discretion : when I was selling
I would sell to purpose ; do you see this roll ?
I have good security for my money, sir,
Not an egg here but has five chickens in't ;
I did most politickly disburse my sums,
To have five for one at my return from Venice,
And now I thank my stars I am at home.

Bar. And so, by consequence, in three months your estate
Will be five times as much, or quintupled.

Fres. Yes, signior, quintupled ;
I will not purchase, yet I mean to use
This trick seven years together ; first
I'll still put out, and quintuply as you call't ;
And when I can in my exchequer tell
Two or three millions, I will fall a purchasing.

Bar. Kingdoms, I warrant.

Fres. I have a mind to buy
Constantinople from the Turk, and give it
The emperor.

Bar. What think you of Jerusalem ?
If you would purchase that, and bring it nearer,
The Christian pilgrims would be much oblig'd to you.
When did you wash your socks ?

Fres. I wear none, signior.

Bar. Then 'tis your breath ; to your lodging and perfume
it !

You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that will
Lose so much time to ask about your travel :
You will not sell your debts ?

Fres. Sell 'em? no, signior.

Bar. Have you as much left in ready cash as will
Keep you and this old troul a fortnight longer?
Die, and forgive the world! thou may'st be buried,
And have the church-cloth, if you can put in
Security the parish shall be put
To no more charge; dost thou hope to have a penny
Of thy own money back? is this an age
Of five for one? die ere the town take notice!
There is a hideous woman carries ballads,
And has a singing in her head; take heed
And hang thyself, thou may'st not hear the time:
You remember Coryat.*

Fres. Honest Tom Odcombe.

Bar. We'll have more verses o' thy travels, coxcomb;
Books shall be sold in bushels in Cheapside,
And come in like the peascods, wain loads full
Of thee, and thy man Apple John, that looks
As he had been a se'nnight in the straw
A ripening for the market; farewell, russeting!
Thou art not worth my spleen; do not forget
My counsel; hang thyself, and thou go'st off
Without a sessions. [*exit.*

Fres. Fine! I'm glad he's gone. Gudgeon, what dost
thou think?

Gud. I think you're well rid of a railing madcap.

* Tom Coryat of Odcombe, called the Leg-stretcher; a man who aspired to the reputation of a wit and a traveller with equal want of success, as may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to consult his "Crudities."

Fres. Nay, nay, he'll not spare a lord :
 But were not I best call in my monies, Gudgeon ?
 My estate will not hold out ; I must be more
 Familiar with my gentlemen.

Enter LORD RAINBOW.

Lord R. Jack Freshwater ! welcome from Venice.

Fres. I thank your honour.

Lord R. Was it not Frank Barker that parted from you ?

Fres. Yes, my lord.

Lord R. What's the matter ?

Fres. There is a sum, my lord.

Lord R. Where is it, signior ?

Fres. There was a sum, my lord, deliver'd
 From your poor servant Freshwater.

Lord R. I remember :

But I have business now ; come home to me,
 The money's safe ; you were to give me five
 For one at your return.

Fres. I, five ? Your lordship has forgot the cinquepace.

Lord R. Something it is, but when I am at leisure
 We will discourse of that, and of your travel ;
 Farewell, signior. [*exit.*

Fres. Is't come to this ? if lords play fast and loose,
 What shall poor knights, and gentlemen ?
 Hum, 'tis he.

Enter COLONEL.

Col. A pox upon him ! what makes he in my way ?

Fres. Noble colonel.

Col. *Que dites vous, monsieur ?*

Fres. *Que dites vous !*

Col. *Oui, Je ne parle pas Anglois.**

Fres. There were five English pieces.

Col. *Je ne parle pas Anglois, me speak no word English ;*

Votre serviteur.

[*exit.*

Fres. Adieu five pieces,
Gudgeon gape, is't not he ?
They will not use me o'this fashion :
Did he not speak to me i'the morning ?

Gud. Yes, sir.

Fres. I think so.

Gud. But then you would not know him in Italian,
And now he will not know you in French.

Fres. Call you this selling of land, and putting out money
To multiply estate ?

Gud. To quintuply five for one ; large interest.

Fres. Five for one ! 'tis ten to one if I get my principal.

Gud. Your roll is not at the bottom yet, try the rest.

Fres. I have : signior, farewell. [*exeunt.*

Enter SCUTILLA and SOLOMON.

Scu. Didst speak with the colonel ?

Sol. I met him opportunely after all the rest,

* The printer has made strange words out of the French introduced in different parts of the dialogue ; but, it is presumed, the author intended that the Colonel should speak it correctly.

And told him how much it would concern
His livelihood to make haste.

Scu. He must not be seen yet ; you know where
To attend for him : give him access by
The garden to my chamber, and bring
Me nimbly knowledge when he is there.

Sol. I shall, forsooth.

[*exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE, LADY ROSAMOND, LADY LUCINA,
and LADY HONORIA.

Le Fris. Very well, an dat be skirvy, you run trot, trot,
trot ; psha, follow me, *fout madame*, can you not tell so
often learning ?—*Madame*, you foot it now, *Pluit il ?*

[*to another Lady who dances.*

Excellent, better den excellent, psha—you be laughed
When you come to de ball ; I teach tree hundred, never
Forgot so much, me sweat taking pain, and fiddling
Ladies.

Luc. Fiddling ladies, you molecatcher. [*she strikes him.*

Le Fris. *Pourquoi ?* for telling you
Dance not well, you commit faut, and beat me for my
Diligence, begar, you dance your pleasure.

Hon. No, *Monsieur Le Friske*, put not up your pipe ; my
lady

Was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour.

Le Fris. I veare no favours in dat place ; should any gen-
tleman

Of England give me blow, diable, me teach him French
Passage.

Ros. Nay, you shall not be so angry ; I must have a co-
rante :

Pray, madam, be reconcil'd.

Luc. Come, monsieur, I am sorry.

Le Fris. Sorre, tat is too much, *par ma foi!* I kiss tat
white hand, give me one, two, tree buffets ; *allez, allez,*
look up your countenance, your English man spoil you,
he no teach you look up ; psha, carry your body in the
swimming fashion, and den *allez Mademoiselle,* ha, ha, ha!
So, *fort bon,* excellent, begar. [*they dance.*]

Luc. Nay, a country dance, Scutilla ; you are idle,
You know we must be at the ball anon, come.

Le Fris. Where is the ball this night ?

Luc. At my Lord Rainebow's.

Le Fris. Oh, he dance finely, begar ; he deserve the ball
of de world : fine, fine gentleman, your oder men dance,
lop, lop with de lame leg, as they want crushes, begar ;
and look for argent in the ground, psha.

[*they dance a new country dance.*]

Ha ! ha ! *fort bon.*

Ros. Now, madam, we take our leave.

Luc. I'll recompense this kind visit : does your coach
stay ?

Hon. Yes, madam ;

Your ladyship will be too much troubled.

Luc. I owe more service.

Scu. Monsieur, you'll begone too.

Le Fris. I have more lady, my scholars.

Scu. Is that the way of your instrument?

Le Fris. *A la mode de France; fi! fi!* adieu.*

Madame, votre serviteur,

Adieu demi Monsieur.† [to *Scutilla*;—*exeunt all but Scutilla.*

Enter SOLOMON and COLONEL.

Scu. Sir, you are welcome.

Col. I thank you, lady.

Scu. The time's too narrow to discourse at large,

But I intend you a service;

You have deserv'd it

In your own nobleness to one I call a kinsman,

Whose life, without your charity, had been

Forfeit to his general's anger; 'twas not

Without his cause you after quit your regiment.

Col. He was my friend; forget it.

Scu. You were sent for

By the Lady Lucina.

Col. Whose command I wait.

Scu. 'Twas my desire to prepare you for

The entertainment; be but pleas'd to obscure

Yourself behind these hangings a few minutes;

I hear her; you may trust me.

Col. Without dispute, I obey you, lady.

* *Fit, fit*, in the original edition, which I have altered as above: if the emendation be not right, it has at least some meaning.

† The whole of this sentence is given to *Le Friske*, whether correctly or not I doubt.—If, however, it be properly assigned to him, the last line was most likely intended to be addressed to *Scutilla*.

Enter LADY LUCINA.

Luc. Now, Scutilla, we are ripe and ready
To entertain my gamesters; my man said
They promis'd all to come; I was afraid
These ladies in their kind departure would not
Bequeath me opportunity, and the mirth
Doth in the imagination so tickle me,
I would not willingly have lost it for a jewel
Of some value.

Scu. Then your purchase holds.

Luc. If they hold their affections, and keep touch,
We'll have some sport.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Sir Marmaduke Travers.

Luc. Away, Scutilla, and
Laugh not loud between our acts; we'll meet
Again like music, and make our selves merry.

Scu. I wait near you. *[exit Solomon.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE.

Luc. Sir Marmaduke, I thought I should have had
Your visit without a summons.

Mar. Lady, you gave
One feather to the wings I had before;
Can there be at last a service to employ
Your creature?

Luc. Something hath pleaded for you in your absence.

Mar. Oh let me dwell upon your hand; my stars
Have then remembered me again.

Luc. How do the fens ?

Goes the draining forward, and your iron mills ?

Mar. Draining, and iron mills ? I know not, madam.

Luc. Come, you conceal your industry, and care
To thrive ; you need not be so close to me.

Mar. By this hand, lady—have I any irony mills ?

Luc. I am abus'd else ; nay, I do love
One that has wind-mills in his head.

Mar. How, madam ?

Luc. Projects, and proclamations : did not you
Travel to Yarmouth to learn how to cast
Brass buttons ? nay, I like it ; it is an age
For men to look about them. Shall I trust
My estate to one that has no thrift, a fellow
But with one face ? my husband shall be a Janus,
He cannot look too many ways ; and is
Your patent for making vinegar confirm'd ?
What a face you put upon't ; nay, ne'er dissemble
Come, I know all, you'll thank that friend of yours,
That satisfied my enquiry of your worth
With such a welcome character ; but why
Do I betray myself so fast ? beshrew
His commendations.

Mar. How is this ? some body,
That meant me well, and knew her appetite
To wealth, hath told this of me ; I'll make use on't.
Well, madam, I desir'd these things more private
Till something worth a mine, which I am now
Promoving, had been perfect to salute you ;
But I perceive you hold intelligence

In my affairs, which I interpret love,
And I'll requite it : will you be content,
Be a Countess for the present.

Luc. I shall want

No honour in your love.

Mar. When shall we marry ?

Luc. Something must be prepar'd.

Mar. A licence, and say no more.

How blest am I ! do not blush,

I will not kiss your lip, till I have brought it. *[exit.*

Luc. Ha, ha, Scutilla ?

Scu. Be secret still. *[to the Colonel.*

Luc. Can'st thou not laugh ?

Scu. Yes, madam ; you have kept your word,

The knight's transported, gone

To prepare things for the wedding.

Luc. How did'st thou like the iron mills ?

Scu. And the brass buttons—rarely ; have you devices

To jeer the rest ?

Luc. All the regiment of them, or I'll break my bow-
strings.

Scu. Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Luc. Away, and let the swallow enter.

Enter SIR AMBROSE and SOLOMON.

Luc. Why, sirrah, I did command you give access to none
But Sir Ambrose Lamount,
Whom you know I sent for.
Audacious groom !

Sol. It is Sir Ambrose, madam. *[exit Solomon.*

Luc. It is Sir Ambrose Coxcomb ! it is not.

Cry mercy, noble sir, I took you, muffled,
For one that every day solicits me
To bestow my little dog upon him ; but you're welcome ;
I think I sent for you.

Amb. It is my happiness

To wait your service, lady.

Luc. I hear say you have vow'd to die a batchelor,
I hope it is not true, sir.

Amb. I die a batchelor !

Luc. And that you'll turn religious knight.

Amb. I turn religious knight ! who has abus'd me ?

Luc. I would only know the truth : it were great pity ;
For my own part I ever wish'd you well,
Although in modesty I have been silent ;
Pray, what's o'clock ?

Amb. How's this !

Luc. I had a dream last night : me thought I saw you
Dance so exceedingly rarely, that I fell
In love.

Amb. In love with me ?

Luc. With your legs, sir.

Amb. My leg is at your service to come over.

Luc. I wonder'd at my self ; but I consider'd,
That many have been caught with handsome faces ;
So my love grew.

Amb. Upwards.

Luc. What followed in my dream
I have forgot.

Amb. Leave that to finish waking.

Luc. Since the morning
I find some alteration ; you know
I have told you twenty times, I would not love you,
But whether 'twere your wisdom, or your fate,
You would not be satisfied ; now, I know not,
If something were procur'd, what I should answer.

Amb. A licence ? say no more.

Luc. Would my estate were doubled.

Amb. For my sake.

Luc. You have not purchas'd since you fell in love ?

Amb. Not much land.

Luc. Revels have been some charge to you ; you were
ever

A friend to ladies ; pity, but he should rise
By one, has fallen with so many ; had you not
A head once ?

Amb. A head ? I have one still.

Luc. Of hair, I mean :

Favours have glean'd too much ; pray, pardon me ;
If it were mine, they should go look their bracelets,*
Or stay till the next crop ; but, I blush, sir,
To hold you in this discourse, you will perhaps
Construe me in a wrong sense ; but, you may use
Your own discretion till you know me better,
Which is my soul's ambition.

Amb. I am blest.

* *They should go look their bracelets*—that is, that they should thin, or, as is before expressed, glean their bracelets. *To look*, is still used in the North of England, in the sense of 'to thin or weed young wheat,' &c.

Col. Cunning gipsy ! she'll use me thus too
When I come to't.

Amb. Lady, I know your mind ; when I see you next. [*exit.*

Luc. You'll see me again, ha, ha, ha, Scutilla ?

Scu. Here, madam, almost dead with stifling my laughter ;
Why, he's gone for a license, you did enjoin him no
Silence.

Luc. I wou'd have 'em all meet, and brag o'their several
Hopes ; they will not else be sensible, and quit me o'their
Tedious visitation :—Who's next ?
I would the Colonel were come,
I long to have a bout with him.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Mr. Bostock, madam.

Luc. Retire, and give the jay admittance. [*exit Solomon.*

Enter BOSTOCK.

Bos. Madam, I kiss your fair hand.

Luc. Oh, Mr. Bostock.

Bos. The humblest of your servants.

Luc. 'Twill not become your birth and blood to stoop
To such a title.

Bos. I must confess, dear lady,
I carry in my veins more precious honour
Than other men ; blood of a deeper crimson ;
But you shall call me any thing.

Luc. Not I, sir ;

It would not become me to change your title,
Although I must confess I could desire

You were less honorable.

Bos. Why, I pr'ythee,

Is't a fault to spring from the nobility?

There be some men have sold well favour'd lordships,

To be ill-favour'd noblemen, and though

I wear no title of the state, I can

Adorn a lady.

Luc. That is my misfortune,

I would you could not, sir.

Bos. Are you the worse

For that? consider, lady.

Luc. I have considered,

And I could wish with all my heart you were

Not half so noble; nay, indeed, no gentleman.

Bos. How, lady?

Luc. Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts,

I would you were a fellow of two degrees

Beneath a footman, one that had no kindred,

But knights o'the post, nay, worse; pardon me, sir,

In the humour I am in; I wish, and heartily,

You were a son o'the people rather than—

Bos. Good madam, give me your reason.

Luc. Because I love you.

Bos. Few women wish so ill to whom they love.

Luc. They do not love like me then.

Bos. Say you so?

Luc. My wealth's a beggar, nay the title of

A lady which my husband left, is a shadow

Compar'd to what you bring to ennoble me,

And all the children you will get; but I,

Out of my love, desire you such a one,
That I might add to you, that you might be
Created by my wealth, made great by me ;
Then should my love appear, but, as you are,
I must receive addition from you.

Bos. No body hears ; why, hark you, lady ! could
You love me, if I were less honorable ?

Luc. Honorable ! why you cannot be so base
As I would have you, that the world might say,
My marriage gave you somewhat.

Bos. Say you so ?
Under the rose, if that will do you a pleasure,
The lords do call me cousin, but I am

Luc. What ?

Bos. Suspected.

Luc. How ?

Bos. Not to be lawful ; I came in at the wicket,
Some call it the window.

Luc. Can you prove it ?

Bos. Say no more.

Luc. Then I prefer you before all my suitors ;
Sir Ambrose Lamount, and Sir Marmaduke
Travers, are all mountebanks.

Bos. What say you to the Colonel ?

Luc. A lancepresado !* how my joy transports me !

* *Lancepresado, lancepesado, lanceprisado*,—a lance corporal, the lowest grade of military officers. *Lanceprezado Match* is one of the characters in Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, and *lanceprezado* occurs in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*. Of this term Mr. Gifford has, in his edition of that poet's dramatic works, given the following explanation from the *Soldier's Accidence*:—"The

But shall I trust to this, do not you flatter?
Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate,
When we are married? you men are too cunning
With simple ladies.

Bos. Do but marry me,
I'll bring the midwife.

Luc. Say no more; provide
What you think necessary, and all shall be
Dispatch'd.

Bos. I guess your meaning, and thus seal
My best devotion. [salutes her and exit.

Scu. Away now, and present yourself.
[aside to the Colonel.

Luc. Oh Scutilla, hold me, I shall fall
In pieces else, ha, ha, ha!

Scu. Beshrew me, madam, but I wonder
At you; you wound him rarely up.

Luc. Have not I choice of precious husbands? now an'
The Colonel were here, the task
Were over.

Scu. Then you might go play.
Madam, the Colonel.

Enter COLONEL.

Luc. Is he come once more? withdraw—bid him march
hither.

Col. Now is my turn.—[aside.] Madam!

lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the lancepesado or prezado, who is a leader or governor of half a file, and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four."

Luc. You're welcome, sir; I thought you would have gone,
And not grac'd me so much as with a poor
Salute at parting.

Col. Gone! whither?

Luc. To the wars.

Col. She jeers me already; no, lady, I'm already
Engag'd to a siege at home, and, 'till that service
Be over, I enquire no new employments.

Luc. For honour's sake, what siege?

Col. A citadel,
That several forces are set down before,
And all is entrench'd.

Luc. What citadel?

Col. A woman.

Luc. She cannot hold out long.

Col. Ostend was sooner taken than her fort
Is like to be, for any thing I perceive.

Luc. Is she so well provided?

Col. Her provision
May fail her, but she is devilish obstinate;
She fears nor fire nor famine.

Luc. What's her name?

Col. Lucina.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! alas, poor colonel!
If you'll take my advice, remove your siege,
A province will be sooner won in the
Low Countries: ha, ha, ha!

Col. Lady, you sent for me.

Luc. 'Twas but to tell you my opinion in this business,
You'll sooner circumcise the Turk's dominions,

Than take this toy you talk of; I do know it.
 Farewell, good soldier; ha, ha, ha! and yet 'tis pity;
 Is there no stratagem, no trick, no undermine?
 If she be given so desperate, your body
 Had need to be well victuall'd: there's a city
 And suburbs in your belly, and you must
 Lay in betimes to prevent mutiny
 Among the small guts, which with wind of 'venge else
 Will break your guard of buttons; ha, ha, ha!
 Come, we'll laugh, and lie down in the next room, Scutilla.

[*exit.*]

Col. So, so, I did expect no good;
 Why did not I strike her? but I'll do something,
 And be with you to bring't before you think of't;
 Malice and Mercury assist me.

[*exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter LORD RAINEBOW and BARKER.

Bar. So, so, you've a precious time on't.

Lord R. Who can help it, Frank, if ladies will
 Be wild, repentance tame 'em! for my part,
 I court not them, till they provoke me to't.

Bar. And do they both affect you?

Lord R. So they say,
 And did justify it to my face.

Bar. And you did praise their modesty?

Lord R. I confess I prais'd them
 Both, when I saw no remedy.

Bar. You did, and they believ'd?

Lord R. Religiously.

Bar. Do not,

Do not believe it, my young lord, they'll make
Fools of a thousand such; they do not love you.

Lord R. Why, an't shall please your wisdom?

Bar. They are women;

That's a reason, and may satisfy you.

They cannot love a man.

Lord R. What then?

Bar. Themselves;

And all little enough; they have a trick
To conjure with their eyes, and perhaps raise
A masculine spirit, but lay none.

Lord R. Good Cato,

Be not over-wise now; what's the reason
That women are not sainted in your calendar?
You have no frosty constitution.

Bar. Would you were half so honest.

Lord R. Why a woman
May love thee one day.

Bar. Yes, when I make legs
And faces like such fellows as you are.

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE.

Lord R. Monsieur Le Friske.

Le Fris. *Serviteur.*

Lord R. Nay, Frank, thou shalt not go.

Bar. I'll come again when you have done your jig.

Le Fris. Ah! monsieur.

Lord R. Come, you shall sit down, this fellow will make thee laugh.

Bar. I shall laugh at you both, an' I stay.

Lord R. Hark you, monsieur, this gentleman has a great mind to learn to dance.

Le Fris. He command my service.
Please your lordship begin, tat he may
See your profit, *allez*—ha!

Lord R. How like you this, Frank?

Bar. Well enough for the dog-days; but have
You no other dancing for the winter, a man
May freeze and walk thus.

Le Fris. It be all your grace, monsieur; your
Dance be horseplay, begar, for de stable, not
De chamber; your ground *passage*, ha!
Never hurt de back, monsieur, nor trouble
De leg mush; ha, *plait il*, you learn,
Monsieur?

Lord R. For mirth's sake, an' thou lovest me.

Le Fris. Begar, I teach you, presently, dance with all de
grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

Bar. Pardon me, my lord.

Le Fris. Oh not, *pardonnez moi*.

Lord R. Do but observe his method.

Bar. I shall never endure it, pox upon him.

Le Fris. 'Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, four,
five, the cinquepace; *allez*, monsieur; stand upright an
begar.

Lord R. Let him set you in t'other posture.

Le Fris. My broder, my lord, know well, for de litle kit de

fiddle, and me for de posture of de body; begar, de king has no too sush subjects, ha! dere be one foote, two foote; have you tree foote? begar, you have more den I have den.

Bar. I shall break his fiddle.

Lord R. Thou art so humorous.

Le Fris. One been two, ha, you go too fast, you be at Dover, begar, and me be at Greenwish; de toder leg, psha.

Bar. A pox upon your legs, I'll no more.

Le Fris. *Pourquoi?*

Lord R. Ha, ha, ha! I would some ladies were here to laugh

At thee now; you will not be so rude to meddle with
The monsieur in my lodging.

Bar. I'll kick him to death, and bury him in a base-viol—
Jackalent!

Le Fris. Jackalent! begar, you be Jackenape; if I had my weapon you durst no affront me; I be as good gentleman, an' for all my fiddle as you; call me a Jack a de lent!

Lord R. Rail upon him, monsieur; I'll secure thee, ha,
ha, ha!

Le Fris. Because your leg have de poc, or someting dat make em no vell, and frisk, you make a fool of a monsieur. My lord use me like gentleman, an I care no rush for you; be desperate, kill me, and me complaine to de king, and teach new dance, galliard to de gibbet, you be hang'd in English fashion.

Bar. Go, you're an impertinent lord, and I will be reveng'd. [*exit.*

Lord R. Ha, ha! good Diogenes. Come, monsieur,
You and I will not part yet.

Le Fris. My lord, if you had not been here, me would have broken his head with my fiddle.

Lord R. You might sooner have broke your fiddle ; but strike up.

Le Fris. *Allez, ah, bon.* [*exeunt dancing.*

SCENE II.

Enter BOSTOCK.

Bos. I spy Sir Marmaduke coming after me :
This way I'll take to avoid his tedious questions ;
He'll interrupt me, and I have not finish'd
Things fit for my design.

Enter SIR AMBROSE.

Amb. 'Tis Mr. Bostock ; little does he think
What I am going upon ; I fear I shall not
Contain my joys.

Bos. Good fortune to Sir Ambrose.

Amb. Sir, you must pardon me, I cannot wait
Upon you now, I have business of much consequence.

Bos. I thought to have made the same excuse to you,
For at this present I am so engag'd.

Amb. We shall meet shortly.

Both. Ha, ha, ha !

Bos. Poor gentleman, how is he beguil'd.

Amb. Your nose is wip'd, hum, 'tis Sir Marmaduke,

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and COLONEL.

I must salute him.

Bos. The colonel? there's no going back.

Mar. What misfortune's this? but 'tis no matter:

Noble sir, how is't?

Amb. As you see, sir.

Col. As I could wish, noble Mr. Bostock.

Bos. Your humble servant, colonel.

Col. Nay, nay, a word.

Mar. I shall not forbear jeering these poor things;

They shall be mirth.

Col. What! all met so happily? and how my

Sparks of honour?

Amb. Things so tickle me,

I shall break out.

Col. When saw you our mistress, lady Lucina?

Amb. My suit is cold there; Mr. Bostock carries

The lady clean before him.

Bos. No, no, no, it is Sir Marmaduke.

Mar. I glean my smiles after Sir Ambrose.

Col. None of you see her to-day?

I may as soon marry the moon, and get

Children on her; I see her not this three days:

'Tis very strange; I was to present my service

This morning.

Mar. You'll march away with all.

Col. I cannot tell, but there's small sign of victory;

And yet, methinks, you should not be neglected,

If the fens go forward, and your iron mills.

Mar. Has she betray'd me?

Col. Some are industrious,

And have the excellent skill to cast brass buttons.

Mar. Colonel! softly.

Col. How will you sell your vinegar a pint?
The patent's something saucy.

Amb. The colonel jeers him.

Bos. Excellent! ha, ha!

Col. Had not you a head once,
Of hair I mean; favours have glean'd too much,
If ladies will have bracelets, let 'em stay
Till the next crop.

Amb. Hum, the very language she us'd to me.

Bos. Does he jeer him too; nay, nay, pr'ythee spare
him, ha! ha!

Col. You may do much, and yet I could desire
You were less honorable; for though you have
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good lady
Out of her love could wish you were a thing
Beneath a footman, and that you had no kindred
But knights o'the post.

Bos. Good colonel!

Col. Nay, pardon me;
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a son o'the people.

Bos. Colonel!

How the devil came he by this?

Col. Under the rose there was a gentleman
Came in at the wicket: these are tales of which
The Greeks have store; fair hopes, gentlemen!

Mar. How came you by this intelligence?

Col. Nay, I'll no whispering, what I say to one
Will concern every man; she has made

You coxcombs.

Amb. It does appear.

Col. And more than does appear; yet
I had my share.

Bos. That's some comfort; I was afraid.

Col. But you shall pardon me: I'll conceal
The particulars of her bountiful abuses
To me, let it suffice I know we are all
Jeer'd most abominably; I stood behind
The hangings when she sign'd your several passes,
And had my own at last worse than the constable's;
That this is true, you shall have more than oath;
I'll join you in revenge, and if you will not
I will do't alone.

Mar. She is a devil.

Amb. Damn her then, till we think on something else;
Let's all go back, and rail upon her.

Bos. Agreed, a pox upon her!

Mar. We cannot be too bitter; she's a hell cat.

Amb. D'ye hear? listen to me; our shames are equal,
Yet if we all discharge at once upon her,
We shall but make confusion, and perhaps
Give her more cause to laugh: let us chuse one
To curse her for us all.

Col. 'Tis the best way; and if you love me, gentlemen,
Engage me, I deserve this favour for my
Discovery; I'll swear her into hell.

Mar. Troth I have no good vein; I'm content.

Bos. Gentlemen, noble colonel, as you respect
A wounded branch of the nobility,

Make it my office ; she abus'd me most, and if
The devil do not furnish me with language,
I'll say he has no malice.

Col. If they consent.

Mar. Amb. With all our hearts.

Bos. I thank you, gentlemen.

Col. But let us all together : I'll not be barr'd
Now and then to interpose an oath,
As I shall find occasion.

Bos. You'll relieve me
When I take breath ; then you may help, or you,
Or any to confound her.

Col. Let's away.

Bos. Never was witch so tortur'd. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter FRESHWATER, GUDGEON, and SOLOMON.

Sol. Noble Mr. Freshwater, welcome from travel.

Fres. Where be the ladies ?

Sol. In the next room, sir ;
My lady Rosamond is sitting for her picture :
I presume you will be welcome.

Fres. An English painter ?

Sol. Yes, sir.

Fres. Pr'ythee, let me see him. [*he gives Freshwater
access to the chamber and returns.*

Sol. This way, honest Gudgeon ;
How are matters abroad ? a touch of

Thy travel ; what news ?

Gud. First, let me understand the state of things
At home.

Sol. We have little alteration since thou went'st,
The same news are in fashion ;
Only gentlemen are fain to ramble, and stumble
For their flesh since the breach o'the bankside.

Gud. Is my aunt defunct ?

Sol. Yet the viragos have not lost their spirit ; some of
Them have challeng'd the field every day, where
Gentlemen have met them ; oh, the dog days bit
Shrewdly : 'twas a villainous dead vacation.

Gud. Is Paul's alive still ?

Sol. Yes, yes, a little sick o'the stone ; she voids some
Every day, but she is now in physic,
And may in time recover.

Gud. The Exchange stands ?

Sol. Longer than a church ;
There is no fear while the merchants have but faith.
A little of thy travels, for the time is precious ; what
Things have you seen or done since you left England ?

Gud. I have not leisure to discourse of particulars ; but
first

My master and I have run France through and through.

Sol. Through and through ! how is that, man ?

Gud. Why, once forward, and once backward, that's
through and through.

Sol. 'Twas but a cowardly part to run a kingdom through
backward.

Gul. Not with our horses, Solomon, not with our horses.

Enter FRESHWATER and LADY ROSAMOND.

Fres. Madam, I did not think your ladyship
Had so little judgment.

Ros. As how, signior ?

Fres. As to let an Englishman draw
Your picture, and such rare monsieurs in town.

Ros. Why not English ?

Fres. Oh, by no means, madam,
They have not active pencils.

Ros. Think you so ?

Fres. You must encourage strangers while you live,
It is the character of our nation ;
We are famous for dejecting our own countrymen.

Ros. Is that a principle ?

Fres. Who teaches you to dance ?

Ros. A Frenchman, signior.

Fres. Why, so ; 'tis necessary ;
Trust while you live the Frenchman with your legs,
Your faces with the Dutch ; if you mislike
Your face, I mean if it be not sufficiently
Painted, let me commend upon my credit
A precious workman to your ladyship.

Ros. What is he ?

Fres. Not an Englishman, I warrant you ;
One that can please the ladies every way ;
You shall not sit with him all day for shadows,
He has regalias, and can present you with

Suckets of fourteen-pence a pound, canary,
 Prunellas, Venice glasses, Parmasan,
 Sugars, Bologna sausages all from Antwerp ;
 But he will make ollapodridos most incomparably.

Ros. I have heard of him ; a noble lady
 Told me the other day, that sitting for
 Her picture, she was stifled with a strange
 Perfume of horns.

Fres. A butcher told me of 'em—very likely.

Ros. When I have need
 Of this rare artist, I will trouble you
 For my directions ; leaving this discourse,
 How thrives your catalogue of debtors, signior ?

Fres. All have paid me, but—

Ros. You shall not name me in the list of any
 That are behind ; beside my debt, a purse
 For clearing the account. [*gives him a purse with money in it.*]

Fres. You are just, madam,
 And bountiful ; though I came hither with
 Simple intention to present my service ;
 It shall be crost ; Gudgeon, remember too
 Her ladyship's name.

Ros. My cousin has the
 Same provision for you.

Enter BARKER, and LADY HONORIA.

Gud. [*to Freshwater.*]—Sir ! master Barker.

Fres. Madam, I'll take my leave ; I'll find another
 Time to attend my lady ; there's no light :

I cannot abide this fellow. [*exit with Gud.*]

Hon. Madam, master Barker hath some design
Which he pretends concerns us both.

Ros. He's welcome, what is it?

Bar. My lord commends him to ye.

Ros. Which lord, sir?

Bar. The lord, the fine, the wanton, dancing lord,
The lord that plays upon the gittern, and sings,
Leaps upon tables, and does pretty things,
Would have himself commended.

Ros. So, sir.

Bar. He loves you both; he told me so,
And laughs behind a visard at your frailty.
He cannot love that way you do imagine,
And ladies of the game are now no miracles.

Hon. Although he use to rail thus, yet we have
Some argument to suspect his lordship's tongue
Has been too liberal.

Ros. I find it too, and blush within to think
How much we are deceived; I may be even
With this May-lord. [*exit.*]

Hon. But does his lordship think
We were taken with his person?

Bar. You would not, an' you knew as much as I.

Hon. How, sir?

Bar. I have been acquainted with his body,
Have known his baths and physic.

Hon. Is't possible? I am sorry now at heart.
I had a good thought on him, he shall see't,
For I will love some other in revenge,

And presently, if any gentleman
Have but the grace to smile, and court me up to't.

Bar. Hum!

Hon. A bubble of nobility! a giddy
Fantastic lord! I want none of his titles;
Now, in my imagination, he appears
Ill-favour'd, and not any part about him
Worth half a commendation; would he were here.

Bar. You'd make more of him.

Hon. That I might examine,
And do my judgment right between you two now!
How much he would come short! you have an eye
Worth forty of his, nose of another making;
I saw your teeth e'en now, compar'd to which,
His are of the complexion of his comb,
I mean his box, and will in time be yellower,
And ask more making clean; you have a show
Of something on your upper lip; a witch
Has a philosopher's beard to him; his chin
Has just as many hounds as hairs that ever
My eyes distinguish'd yet; you have a body
And not unpromising; in his slashes one
May see through him, and, for his legs, they both
Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking;
They're a lord's, I will be sworn; I dote upon him!
I could wish somewhat; but I'm sorry, sir,
To trouble you so much; all happy thoughts
Possess you. [*exit.*

Bar. How is this? if I have wit
To apprehend, this lady does not hate me;

I have profess'd a cynic openly ;
This language melts, I'll visit her again.

Re-enter HONORIA.

Hon. Sir, I have a small request to you.

Bar. Lady, command.

Hon. If you think I have power
Or will to deserve from you any courtesy,
Pray, learn to dance.

Bar. To dance ?

Hon. At my entreaty, sir, to dance.

It was the first thing took me with his lordship :
You know not what may follow ; fare you well. [*exit.*

Bar. What pretends* this, to dance ? there's something
in't.

I've reveng'd myself already upon my lord,
Yet deeper with my lady is the sweeter :
Something must be resolv'd. [*exit.*

Enter LADY LUCINA and SCUTILLA.

Luc. Enough, enough, of conscience ; let's reserve
Part of the mirth to another time ; I shall
Meet some other hot worships at the ball,
Unless their apprehension prompt them
Earlier, to know their folly in pursuing me.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Madam, the gentlemen, that were here this morning

* *Intends, or means.*

In single visits, are come all together,
And pray to speak with you.

Luc. They've met already; give them access.

Scu. I wonder what they'll say. [exit Solomon.]

Enter BOSTOCK, SIR AMBROSE, COLONEL, and SIR MARMADUKE.

Col. Be confident she shall endure it.

Luc. So, so,

How d'ye, gentlemen? you're very welcome.

Amb. 'Tis no matter for that, we do not come to be
Welcome, neither will we be welcome; speak, Mr. Bostock.

Bos. We come to mortify you.

Luc. You will use no violence.

Bos. But of our tongues; and, in the names of these
Abused gentlemen and myself, I spit
Defiance. Stand further off, and be attentive;
Weep, or do worse; repentance wet thy linen,
And leave no vein for the doctor!

Luc. They're mad.

Scu. There is no danger, madam, let us hear them;
If they scold, we two shall be hard enough for them,
An' they were twenty.

Bos. Thou basilisk!

Luc. At first sight?

Bos. Whose eyes shoot fire and poison;
Malicious as a witch, and much more cunning;
Thou, that dost ride men.

Luc. I ride men!

Bos. Worse than the night-mare; let thy tongue be
silent,

And take our scourges patiently ; thou hast
 In thy own self all the ingredients
 Of wickedness in thy sex, able to furnish
 Hell, if it were insufficiently provided
 With falsehood, a she fiend of thy own making ;
 Circe, that charm'd men into swine, was not
 So much a Jew as thou art ; thou hast made
 Us asses ; dost thou hear ?

Amb. He speaks for us all.

Bos. But it is better we be all made such,
 Than any one of us be monster'd worse,
 To be an ox, thy husband.

Scu. Luc. Ha, ha, ha !

Bos. Dost thou laugh, crocodile ?

Col. That was well said.

Bos. Spirit of flesh and blood, I'll conjure thee,
 And let the devil lay thee on thy back,
 I care not.

Mar. Admirable Bostock !

Col. That spirit of flesh and blood was well infore'd.

Bos. You thought us animals, insensible
 Of all your jugglings, did you, Proserpine ?

Amb. Aye, come to that.

Bos. And that we lov'd, lov'd with a pox, your phisnomy ;
 Know, we but tried thee, beldam, and thou art
 Thyself a son of the earth.

Amb. How ! she a son ?

Bos. 'Twas a mistake, but she knows my meaning ;
 I begin to be a weary, gentlemen,
 I'll breathe awhile.

Col. 'Tis time, and, that you may
Not want encouragement, take that.

[gives him a box on the ear.

Bos. Gentlemen! colonel! what d'ye mean?

Col. You shall know presently; dare but lift thy voice
To fright this lady, or but ask thy pardon,
My sword shall rip thy body for thy heart*,
And nail it on her threshold; or if you,
The proudest, offer but in looks to justify
The baseness of this wretch, your souls shall answer 't.

Mar. How's this?

Col. O impudence unheard! Pardon, madam,
My tedious silence; the affront grew up
So fast I durst not trust my understanding
That any gentleman could attempt so much
Dishonour to a lady of your goodness.
Was this your project, to make me appear
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacrilege?
Was it for this you pray'd my company?
You tadpoles! 'tis your presence charms my sword,
Or they should quickly pay their forfeit lives:
No altar could protect them.

Amb. We are betray'd.

Mar. Was it not his plot to have us rail?

Col. Say, shall I yet be active?

Luc. By no means;

This is no place for blood; nor shall any† cause
Engage to such a danger.

* *Part*, in the quarto.

† Probably, "my cause."

Col. Live to be
 Your own vexations then till you be mad,
 And then remove yourselves with your own garters!
 You shall not go before I know from whose
 Brain this proceeded; you are the mirth.
 Was ever civil lady so abus'd
 In her own house b' ingrateful horse-leeches?
 Could your corrupted natures find no way
 But this to recompense her noble favours,
 Her courteous entertainments? would any
 Heathens done like to you? admit she was
 So just to say she could see nothing in you
 Worthy her dearer thoughts, as, to say truth,
 How could a creature of her wit and judgment
 Not see how poor and miserable things
 You are at best? must you [be] impudent?
 In such a loud, and peremptory manner,
 Disturb the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling?
 Gentlemen! rather hinds; scarce fit to mix,
 Unless you mend your manners, with her drudges.

Luc. This shews a nobleness, does't not, Scutilla?

Bos. Why, sir, did not you tell us?

Col. What did I tell you?

Bos. Nothing.

Col. Begone, lest I forget myself.

Bos. I have a token to remember you :
 A palsy upon your fingers, noble colonel!

Mar. Was this his stratagem! we must begone.

[*excunt Sir Marmaduke, Bostock, and Sir Ambrose.*]

Luc. Sir, I must thank ye, and desire your pardon

For what has past to your particular.

Col. You've more than satisfied my service in
Th' acknowledgment : disdain cannot provoke
Me to be so insolent.

Luc. Again I thank you.

Col. I can forget your last neglect, if you
Think me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you.

Luc. How d'ye mean ?

Col. Why,

As a servant should that is ambitious
To call you mistress, till the happier title
Of wife crown his desires.

Luc. I must confess,
This has won much upon me : but two words
To such a bargain ; you're a gentleman
I'm confident would adventure for me.

Col. As far as a poor life could speak my service.

Luc. That's fair and far enough ; I make not any
Exception to your person.

Col. Body enough,
I hope, to please a lady.

Luc. But—

Col. To my fortune.

Luc. To that the least, I have estate for both.

Col. Though it hold no comparison with yours,
It keeps me like a gentleman.

Luc. I have a scruple.

Col. You honour me in this :
There's hope, if I can take away that care,

You may be mine.

Luc. Sir, can you put me in security
That you have been honest ?

Col. Honest, how d'ye mean ?

Luc. Been honest of your body : you gentlemen
Out of the wars, live lazy, and feed high,
Drink the rich grape, and, in canary, may
Do strange things, when the wine has wash'd away
Discretion.

Col. What is your meaning, lady ?

Luc. I do not urge you for the time to come ;
Pray understand, have you been honest hitherto ?
And yet, because you shall not trouble friends
To be compurgators, I'll be satisfied,
If you will take your own oath that you are.

Col. Honest of my body ?

Luc. Yes, sir, it will become me to be careful
Of my health ; I'll take your own assurance ;
If you can clear your body by an oath,
I'll marry none but you, before this gentlewoman.

Col. Your reason why you use me thus ?

Luc. I wonder you will ask ; do not I hear
How desperate some have been, what pain, what physic ?

Col. This is a tale of a tub, lady.

Luc. You rid no match without a shirt, to shew
The complexion of your body ; I have done, sir.
When you resolve to swear you're honest, I
Vow to be yours, your wife ; I am not hasty ;
Think on't, and tell me, when we meet again
Anon, to-night, to-morrow, when you please ;

So farewell, noble colonel ; come, Scutilla.

[*exeunt Lucina and Scutilla.*]

Col. Is't come to this? I'm jeer'd again; is't possible
To be honest at these years? a man of my
Complexion and acquaintance? was ever
Gentleman put to this oath before in this fashion?
If I have the grace now to forswear myself,
Something may be done; and yet 'tis doubtful
She'll have more tricks; if widows be thus coltish,
The devil will have a task that goes a wooing. [*exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter LORD RAINEBOW and BOSTOCK.

Bos. Such an affront, my lord! I was asham'd on't;
A mere conspiracy to betray our fames;
But, had you seen how poorly they behav'd
Themselves, such craven knights, a pair of drone-bees!
P'the midst of my vexation, if I could
Forbear to laugh, I have no blood in me;
They were so far from striking, that they stood
Like images, things without life and motion;
Fear could not make so much as their tongue tremble;
Left all to me.

Lord R. So, so, what then did you?

Bos. The lady laugh'd too, and the colonel
Increas'd his noise, to see how she derided
The poor knights.

Lord R. Leave their character, and proceed
To what you did.

Bos. You shall pardon me, my lord,
I am not willing to report myself,
They and the lady, and the colonel
Can witness I came on.

Lord R. But how came you off, cousin? that must commend you.

Bos. I have my limbs, my lord, no sign of loss
Of blood you see, but this was fortune; how
The colonel came off's uncertain.

Lord R. Do not you know?

Bos. No, I left him; I think 'tis time.

Lord R. You did not kill him?

Bos. Upon my faith, my lord, I meant it not;
But wounds fall out sometimes when the sword's in:
These are poor things to brag of; I have sav'd
Myself, you see.

Lord R. If it be so, I'll call you cousin still, my satinist.

Enter BARKER.

Hark! You shall beat this fellow.

Bos. Shall I, my lord, without cause?

Lord R. He shall give you cause presently; how now,
Gum'd taffeta!

Bar. I pay for what I wear,
My satin lord; your wardrobe does not keep
Me warm; I do not run o'the ticket with
The mercer's wife, and lecher out my debts
At country houses.

Lord R. There's something else you do not.

Bar. I do not use to flatter such as you are,
Whose bodies are so rotten, they'll scarce keep
Their souls from breaking out; I write no odes
Upon your mistress to commend her postures
And tumbling in a coach towards Paddington,
Whither you hurry her to see the pheasants,
And try what operation the eggs have
At your return; I am not taken with
Your mighty nonsense, glean'd from heathenish plays,
Which leave a curse upon the author for 'em,
Though I have studied to redeem you from
The infection of such books, which martyr sense
Worse than an almanack.

Lord R. Excellent satire:

But lash not on; stop here, or I shall kick
Your learned worship.

Bar. But do not, I advise you do not.

Lord R. Why, do not?

Bar. It will fall heavy on somebody if your lordship
Kick me; I shall not spare your cousin there.

Lord R. On that condition, what do you think of that?
[kicks him.

Bar. What do you think? [to Bostock.

Bos. Excellently well followed, by my troth, la;
He'll pitch the bar well, I warrant, he does
So follow his kick.

Bar. Let it go round. [kicks Bostock.

Bos. Good, right as my leg again.

Lord R. Your leg! 'twas he that kick'd you.

Bos. D'ye think I do not feel it?

Lord R. Why d'ye not use your toes then?

Bos. What, for a merry touch,

A trick, a turn upon the toe? d'ye hear, sir,
You're good company, but, if thou lovest me?—

Bar. Love you? why, d'ye hear, sir,

I, I,—

What a pox should any man see in you,
Once to think of you! love a squirt!
Shall I tell thee what thou art good for?

Bos. Aye.

Bar. For nothing.

Bos. Good again; my lord, observe him, for nothing.

Bar. Yes, thou wilt stop a breach in a mud wall,
Or serve for a Priapus in the garden to
Fright away crows, and keep the corn, bean shatter,
Thou wilt.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha!

Bar. Or thou wilt serve, at shrove-tide, to have thy legs
Broken with penny truncheons in the street;
'Tis pity any cock should stand the pelting,
And such a capon unprefer'd.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha!

Bar. Cry mercy, you're a kinsman to the lord,
A gentleman of high and mighty blood.

Lord R. But cold enough; will not all this provoke him?

Bar. Dost hear? for all this I will undertake
To thrash a better man out of a wench

That travels with her butter-milk to market
 Between two dorsers,* any day of the week,
 My twice sod tail of green fish ; I will do't,
 Or lose my inheritance. Tell me, and do not stammer :
 When wert thou cudgel'd last ? what woman beat thee ?

Bos. Excellent Barker !

Bar. Thou art the town top ;

A boy will set thee up, and make thee spin
 Home with an eel-skin ; do not marry, do not ;
 Thy wife will coddle thee, and serve thee up
 In plates, with sugar and rose-water, to
 Him that hath the grace to cuckold thee ;
 And if Pythagoras' transmigration
 Of souls were true, thy spirit should be tenant
 To a horse.

Bos. Why to a horse ?

Bar. A switch and spur would do some good upon you :
 Why dost thou interfere ? get the grincomes,† go,
 And straddle like a gentleman that would
 Not shame his kindred ; but what do I
 Lose time with such a puppy ?

Bos. Well, go thy ways ; I'll justify thy wit
 At my own peril.

Bar. I would speak with you ; [to Lord Rainebow.
 Be not too busy with your lordship's legs ;
 I'll tell you somewhat.

Lord R. Speak to the purpose then.

Bar. I bestow'd

* *Dorsers*, panniers.

† *Grincomes*, the French disease.

A visit on the ladies which you wot of,
 They have their wits still, and resolve to keep them;
 They will not hang themselves for a young lord,
 Nor grow into consumption; other men
 Have eyes, and nose, and lips, and handsome legs too;
 So fare you well, my lord, I left your kick
 With your cousin to buy otto. [*exit.*

Lord R. Very well.

But hark you, cousin Bostock: you have a mind
 And modest constitution, I expected
 You would have lifted up your leg.

Bos. To kick him?

Why, an' you would have given a thousand pound,
 I could not do't for laughing; beside,
 He was your friend, my lord.

Lord R. Did you spare him
 For that consideration?

Bos. Howsoever,
 What honour had it been for me to quarrel,
 Or wit, indeed? If every man should take
 All the abuses that are meant, great men
 Would be laugh'd at; some fools must have their jests;
 Had he been any man of blood or valour,
 One that profess'd the sword, such as the Colonel,
 Less provocation would have made me active.

Enter SIR AMBROSE and SIR MARMADUKE.

Lord R. The eagles take no flies, is that it? how now
 Sir Ambrose, and my honour'd friend Sir Marmaduke?
 You are strangers.

Mar. Your lordship's pardon ; Mr. Bostock.

Bos. Now shall I be put to it ; this talking will undo me.

Lord R. Pr'ythee tell me, is the Colonel alive still ?

Amb. Alive, my lord ! yes, yes, he's alive.

Bos. Did your lordship think absolutely he was dead ?

Lord R. But he is shrewdly wounded ?

Amb. No, my lord,

He is very well, but 'twas your kinsman's fortune.

Bos. Pr'ythee ne'er speak on't.

Lord R. What ?

Mar. To have a blow, a box on th' ear.

Lord R. How ?

Mar. With his fist, and an indifferent round one.

Bos. Yes, yes, he did strike me, I could have told you
that ;

But wherefore did he strike ? ask them that.

Mar. If you would know, my lord, he was our orator
To rail upon the lady for abusing us,
Which I confess he did with lung and spirit,
When*, in the conclusion, the Colonel
Struck him to the ground.

Bos. He did so, 'tis a truth.

Lord R. And did you take it ?

Bos. Take it ! he gave it me, my lord ; I asked not
for it :

But 'tis not yet reveng'd.

Amb. 'Tis truth we suffer'd

A little, but the place protected him.

* *Which*, in the quarto.

Bos. It was no place, indeed.

Mar. Now, since you had the greatest burthen in
The affront,

Bos. The blow?

Mar. Right, we would know whether your resolution
Be first to question him; for our cause appears
Subordinate, and may take breath till you
Have call'd him to account.

Bos. I proclaim nothing,
And make no doubt the Colonel will give me
Satisfaction like a gentleman.

Amb. We are answer'd, and take our leave, my lord.

Lord R. We shall meet at the ball anon, gentlemen.

Mar. Your lordship's servants: now to our design.

[*exeunt.*]

Bos. My lord, I take my leave too.

Lord R. Not yet, cousin; you and I have not done.

Bos. What you please, cousin.

Lord R. You have cozen'd me too much.

Bos. I, my good lord?

Lord R. Thou most unheard of coward!
How dare you boast relation to me?
Be so impudent as to name, or think upon me,
Thou stain to honour! Honour! thou 'rt beneath
All the degrees of baseness: quit thy father,
Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony
Some serving-man leap'd thy mother or some juggler
That conjures with old bones, some woman's tailor,
When he brought home her petticoat, and took measure
Of her loose body, or I'll cullice thee

With a bottom.*

Bos. Good, my lord!

Lord R. Be so baffl'd

In presence of your mistress! 'tis enough
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected,
And I'll have satisfaction.

Bos. My lord!

Lord R. For using of my name in ordinaries,
I'th' list of others whom you make your privilege,
To domineer and win applause sometimes
With tapsters and threadbare tobacco merchants,
That worship your gold lace and ignorance;
Stand bare, and bend their hams, when you belch out
My lord, and t'other cousin in a bawdy-house,
Whom, with a noise, you curse by Jack and Tom,
For failing you at Fish-street or the Steel-yard.

Bos. My very good lord.

Lord R. Will you not draw?

Bos. Not against your honour, but you shall see.

Lord R. And vex my eyes to look on such a land-rat;

Were all these shames forgotten, how shall I
Be safe in honour with that noble lady,
To whom I sinfully commended thee;
Though 'twere not much, enough to make her think
I am as base as thou art, and the Colonel
And all that have but heard thee call me cousin;

* *I'll cullice thee with a bottom*, that is, I'll pound thee with a bottom or ball of thread. *Cullis*, or *cullice*, is a gravy made from meat pounded in a mortar.

What cure for this, you malt-worm! oh, my soul,
 How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppy!
 D'ye hear me thunder and lightning what
 Nobility my predecessors boasted,
 Or any man from honour's stock descended?
 How many marquesses and earls are number'd
 In their great family? what coats they quarter?
 How many battles our forefathers fought?
 'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry
 To build their glories at their fathers' cost,
 But at their own expense of blood or virtue,
 To raise them living monuments; our birth
 Is not our own act; honour upon trust
 Our ill deeds forfeit; and the wealthy sums
 Purchas'd by others' fame or sweat, will be
 Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
 But what our actions make us worthy of;
 And are you not a precious gentleman?
 Thou art not worth my steel: redeem this love
 Some generous way of undertaking, or
 Thou shalt be given up to boys, and ballads,
 The scorn of footmen, a disgrace more black
 Than bastard; go to the Colonel.

Bos. I will, my lord.

Lord R. But now, I think of't, 'twill be necessary
 That first you right my honour with the lady:
 You shall carry a letter; you will do't?

Bos. I'll carry any thing.

Lord R. Expect it presently.

Bos. Such another conjuring will make me

[*exit.*

Believe I am illegitimate indeed ;
 This came from keeping company with the blades,
 From whom I learnt to roar and run away :
 I know 'tis a base thing to be a coward,
 But ev'ry man's not born to be a Hercules ;
 Some must be beat that others may be valiant. [*exit.*

SCENE II.

*Enter ROSAMOND and HONORIA, whispering ; SIR MARMADUKE
 and SIR AMBROSE following.*

Ros. Let it be so, they will else be troublesome.

Mar. This cannot, I hope, displease you, lady, 'tis
 No new affection I protest, although
 This be the first occasion I took
 To express it. [*to Rosamond.*

Ros. You did ill in the expression ;
 Although your bashfulness would not permit you
 To speak in your own cause, you might have sent
 Your meaning ; I can make a shift to read
 A scurvy hand ; but I shall tell you, sir.

Mar. Pr'ythee, do.

Hon. Is't possible your heart hath been tormented
 In love's flame, and I the cause? [*to Sir Ambrose.*

Amb. Your beauty hath the power
 To melt a Scythian's bosom ; those divine
 Beams would make soft the earth, when rugged winter
 Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost ; your eye
 Will make the frigid region temperate,
 Should you but smile upon't : account it then

No wonder if it turn my breast to ashes.

Ros. I see you are in love by your mention,*
And, 'cause I pity a gentleman should lose
His passion, I'll acquaint you with a secret.

[*she whispers to Sir Marmaduke.*]

Mar. The lady Honoria?

Ros. What misfortune 'twas
You did not first apply yourself to her
That can reward your love, and hath a heart
Spacious to entertain you; she does love you
Upon my knowledge, strangely, and so
Commends you in your absence.

Mar. Say you so, lady?

Pardon, I beseech you, the affection
I profest to your ladyship, 'twas but
A compliment; I am sorry, I protest.

Ros. Oh, 'tis excus'd, sir; but I must tell you,
Perhaps you will not find her now so tractable,
Upon the apprehension she was slighted;
But to prescribe you confidence were to
Suspect your art, and bold discretion.

Hon. 'Tis as I tell you, sir: no lady in
The world can speak more praises of your body:
She knows not yet your mind. [to *Sir Ambrose.*]

Amb. Is't possible?

Hon. And yet because she saw your compliments
Directed so unhappily to me,
I know not how you'll find her on the sudden;

* A line seems to be wanting here.

But 'tis not half an hour since you possest
The first place in her thoughts.

Amb. Shall I presume,
You will excuse the love I did present
Your ladyship? it was not from my heart;
I hope you will conceive so.

Hon. A slight error.

Amb. I am asham'd of't.

Hon. 'Tis sufficient
That you recant no more neglect.

[*Sir Ambrose addresses Rosamond.*]

Ros. You are pleasant.

Amb. Be you so too, I'll justify thou shalt
Have cause.

Ros. To wonder at you; what's your meaning, sir?

Amb. Sweet lady,
What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ'd
Your eyes shoot clearer light.

Ros. You are deceiv'd,
I am not melancholy.

Amb. Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beauty! you're in love.

Ros. In love! who told you so?

Amb. But that's no wonder;
We all may love, but you have only power
To conquer where you place affection,
And triumph o'er your wishes.

Hon. [*To Sir Marmaduke.*] I love you! you're strangely,
sir, mistaken;
Put your devices on some other lady;

I've been so far from any affection to you
That I have laboured, I confess, t'unsettle
The opinion of my lady Rosamond,
Who, I confess, loves you, and that extremely.

Mar. How! she love me? then I have made fine work.

Hon. What cunning she is mistress of, to hide
Her strange affections, or what power she has,
She does [not] fly into your arms, I know not.

Ros. [*To Sir Ambrose.*] Are you so dull?
Why, this was but to try your constancy;
I've heard her swear you are the prop'rest knight,
The very Adonis; why, she has got your picture,
And made it the only saint within her closet:
I blush at your credulity.

Amb. Is't e'en so?

I have undone myself with her already;
Pardon me, gentle madam, I must leave you.

Ros. With all my heart.

Hon. We are reliev'd, [*aside to Rosamond.*]

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE.

Monsieur Le Friske.

Le Fris. *Tres humble serviteur, madame,* me sweat with
de hast to wait upon your ladyships; I pray, give me de
leve dispatch presently, for I must figaries to be done.

Ros. Gentlemen, let your passions breathe awhile,
A little music may correct the error,
And you may find yourselves.

Le Fris. *Allez.*

Amb. With all my heart; Sir Marmaduke, let's help

To exercise the ladies.

Mar. A good motion.

Le Fris. And, begar, noting in the world mor profet your body den de motion *à la mode de France*.

Mar. I am for any frisk.

Le Fris. Ha! de frisk, you jump upon my name, and, begar, you have my nature to de right, hey, and all de world is but frisk.

Hon. A country dance then.

Le Fris. Ah, *monsieur, madame! allez.* [they dance.
Fort bon, tres excellent, begar! so, I crave your patience, *madame,* gentlemen, you be at de ball, *ma foi,* you see dat was never in dis world.

Ros. What, *monsieur?*

Le Fris. What do you think dat is? me tell you, begar; you see me play de part of de Cupid.

Hon. A French Cupid?

Le Fris. Begar, French Cupid, why? dere is no love like de French love, dat is Cupid; love is hot, and de French is hot.

Ros. How comes it to pass that you are to play Cupid, *monsieur?*

Le Fris. My lord give me command me have device, and de masque for de ladies, and me no trust little jacknape to play young Cupid, but myself.

Hon. Cupid is a child; you have a beard, *monsieur.*

Le Fris. Me care not de haire for dat; begar, de little god may have de little beard; Venus, his moder, have de mole, and Cupid her shild may have de black mussell.

Hon. But, *monsieur,* we read Cupid was fair, and

You are black, how will that agree ?

Le Fris. Cupid is fair, and *monsieur* is black ; why, *monsieur* is black den, and Cupid is fair ; what is dat ? a fair lady love de servant of de black complexion de *bon air* ; the colour is not de mush ; Vulean was de blacksmith, and Cupid may be de black gentlemau, his son legitimate.

Amb. 'Tis the way to make Cupid, the boy, no bastard.

Le Fris. But do you no publish this invention ; me meet you at de ball, arm'd with quiver and de bow.

Hon. You will not shoot us ; I hope you'll spare our hearts.

Le Fris. Begar, me shit you if me can, and your arts shall bleed one, two, tree gallon ; *adieu, madame, serviteur, gentlemen, tres humble* [*serviteur.*]

Amb. *Adieu, monsieur!* Now, madam, with your favour, I must renew my suit.

Hon. You'd better buy a new one ;
 Nay, then we shall be troubled. [*exit.*]

Amb. You'll withdraw,
 I'll follow you. [*exit.*]

Mar. Come, come, I know you love me.

Ros. You may enlarge your folly, my dear knight,
 But I have pardoned you for love already. [*exit.*]

Mar. This shall not serve your turn ; I came hither
 Not to be jeer'd, and one of you shall love me. [*exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter BOSTOCK, LADY LUCINA, *and* SCUTILLA.

Luc. O impudence ! dares he return ?

Scu. It seems so.

Bos. Most gracious madam, my cousin, your lord
Rainebow,*

Commends himself in black and white. [*gives her a letter.*

Luc. To me?

Bos. D'ye think 'tis from myself?

Scu. You might have done't in black and blue.

Bos. Scutilla, how does thy poor soul? thou
Hast no husband nor children to commend me to.

Scu. The poor soul's well, I hope your body is
Recover'd; does not your left cheek burn still?

We have so talk'd of you.

Luc. reads: — I am sorry any gentleman that has
relation to me should be so forgetful of your honour and
his own; but, though he have forfeited opinion, let me
continue innocent in your thoughts. I have sent you a
small jewel to expiate my offence for commending him:
I expect your ladyship at the ball, where you shall make
many happy to kiss your hand, and, in their number, the
true admirer of your virtues, RAINEBOW.

My lord is honorable.

Bos. A slight jewel, madam.

[*he presents a set of diamonds.*

* On the present and the two following occasions in which the name of this lord occurs, he is called Lord Loveall. He is generally introduced as the 'Lord,' but twice in the preceding scenes he is called 'Lord Rainebow.' The identity of his double-named lordship is unquestionable. The same sort of mistake is made in the first scene of act V., where Sir Ambrose and Sir Marmaduke are called Sir Lionel and Sir Stephen.

Luc. I am his servant.

Bos. Nay, faith! my lord is right; I have not met
The Colonel since you know when.

Scu. You have more reason to remember.

Bos. I would be so bold to ask you a question.

Luc. In the mean time give me leave; we are none
But friends: I know you're valiant.

Bos. No, no, you do not know't, but I know myself.

Scu. That's more.

Luc. But will you answer me? why did not you strike
him again?

Scu. That might have caus'd blood.

Bos. You're i'the right.

Luc. You did not fear him?

Bos. But blood is not alike, terms were not even;
If I had killed him there had been an end.

Luc. Of him.

Bos. Right, madam; but, if he had wounded me,
He might have kill'd, heaven knows, how many.

Scu. Strange!

Bos. D'ye not conceive it? so many drops of mine,
So many gentlemen; nay, more, who knows
Which of these might have been a knight, a lord.

Luc. Perhaps a prince.

Bos. Princes came from the blood;
And should I hazard such a severation
Against a single life? 'tis not I fear
To fight with him by these hilts; but what wise gamester
Will venture a hundred pounds to a flaw'd sixpence?

Scu. Madam, the Colonel.

Bos. An' he were ten Colonels, I'll not endure his company.

Sweet lady, you and I'll retire.

Scu. An' you were less honorable.

Bos. He should not seek me then.

Scu. He should rather hardly find you; I'm your servant. [*exeunt Scutilla and Bostock.*

Enter COLONEL.

Luc. I was wishing for you, sir;—
Your judgment of these diamonds.

Col. The stones are pretty.

Luc. They were a lord's, sent me for a token;
You cannot chuse but know him, the lord Rainebow.

Col. So, so, so, I am like to speed.

Luc. Is not he a pretty gentleman?

Col. And are you sure he's honest?

Luc. As lords go now a-days that are in fashion:
But, cry you mercy, you have put me in mind,
I did propound a business to you, sir.

Col. And I came prepar'd to answer you.

Luc. 'Tis very well, I'll call one to be a witness.

Col. That was not, I remember, in our covenant
You shall not need.

Luc. I'll fetch you a book to swear by.

Col. Let it be *Venus and Adonis* then,
Or Ovid's wanton Elegies, Aristotle's
Problems, Guy of Warwick, or Sir Bevis,
Or if there be a play book you love better,

I'll take my oath upon your epilogue.

Luc. You're very merry ; well, swear how you please.

Col. In good time ;

You do expect now I should swear I'm honest ?

Luc. Yes, sir, and 'tis no hard condition,

If you reflect upon my promise.

Col. What ?

Luc. To marry you ; which act must make you lord
Of me and my estate, a round possession ;
Some men have gone to hell for a less matter.

Col. But I will not be damn'd for twenty thousand
Such as you are ; had every one a million,
And I the authority of a parliament
To marry with ye all, I would not buy
This flesh ; now I have sworn.

Luc. I think so, Colonel.

Bless me ! twenty thousand wives ! 'twould ne'er
Come to my turn, and you'd not live to give
The tithe benevolence.

Col. They would find pages, fools, or gentlemen ushers.

Luc. Then, upon the matter ;

You being not willing, sir, to take your oath,
I may be confident you are not honest.

Col. Why, look upon me, lady, and consider
With some discretion, what part about me
Does look so tame you should suspect me honest ;
How old d'ye think I am ?

Luc. I guess at thirty.

Col. Some in the world doubted me not so much ;
At thirteen I was ever plump and forward ;

My dry-nurse swore at seven I kiss'd like one
Of five and twenty; setting that aside,
What's my profession?

Luc. A soldier.

Col. So,—examine a whole army and find
One soldier that hates a handsome woman!
We cannot march without our bag and baggage,
And is't possible when we come where women's pride,
And all temptation to wantonness abounds,
We should lose our activity? *

Luc. You soldiers are brave fellows.

Col. When we have our pay.
We vow no chastity till we marry, lady;
'Tis out of fashion, indeed, with gentlemen
To be honest and of age together; 'tis sufficient,
We can provide to take our pleasures too
Without infection: a sound body is
A treasure, I can tell you: yet if that
Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple
To swear, but otherwise you must pardon us
As we must pardon you.

Luc. Us, sir!

Col. Yes, you; as if you ladies had not your vagaries,
And martial discipline, as well as we,
Your outworks and redoubts, your court of guard,
Your sentries and perdues, sallies, retreats,

* The present arrangement of this speech differs from the quarto, in which,
I conceive, it is incorrectly printed.

Parties, and stratagems ; women are all honest,
 Yes, yes, exceeding honest ; let me ask you
 One question ; I'll not put you to your oath ;
 I do allow you Hyde Park and Spring Garden.
 You have a recreation called the ball,
 A device transported hither by some ladies
 That affect tennis ; what d'ye play a set ?
 There's a foul racket kept under the line,
 Strange words are bandied, and strange revels, madam.

Luc. The world imagines so.

Col. Nay, you're all talk'd of.

Luc. But if men had more wit and honesty,
 They would let fall their stings on something else ;
 This is discour's'd, but when corantos* fail,
 Or news at ordinaries, when the phlegmatic Dutch
 Have ta'en no fisher boats, or our coal ships land
 Safe at Newcastle ; you're fine gentlemen.
 But, to conclude of that we met for ; your honesty,
 Not justified by an oath, as I expected,
 Is now suspended ; will you swear yet ?

Col. Why, I thought you had been a Christian widow ;
 Have I not told you enough ; you may meet one
 Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,
 Some silk-worm of the city, or the court ;
 There be enough will swear away their soul
 For your estate, but I have no such purpose :
 The wars will last, I hope.

* A coranto is a quick dance.

Luc. So, so, Scutilla !

Enter SCUTILLA.

You were present when I promised the Colonel
To be his wife upon condition
He could secure my opinion, by his oath
That he was honest ; I am bound in honour
Not to go back ; you've done it, I am yours, sir :
Be you a witness to this solemn contract.

Col. Are you in earnest, lady ? I have not sworn.

Luc. You have given better truth,
He that can make this conscience of an oath
Assures his honesty.

Col. In mind.

Luc. What's past
I question not, if for the time to come
Your love be virtuous to me.

Col. Most religious,
Or let me live the soldiers' dishonour,
And die the scorn of gentlemen ; I have not
Space enough in my heart to entertain thee.

Luc. Is not this better than swearing ?

Col. I confess it.

Luc. Now I may call you husband.

Col. No title can more honour me.

Luc. If't please you, I'll shew you then my children.

Col. How ! your children ?

Luc. I have six that call me mother.

Col. Hast, 'faith ?

Luc. The elder may want softness to acknowledge you,

But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd
To ask your blessing; does this trouble you?

Col. Trouble me? no, but it is the first news, lady,
Of any children.

Luc. Nay, they are not like
To be a burthen to us, they must trust
To their own portions left them by their father.

Col. Where?

Luc. But of my estate I cannot keep
Any thing from them; and I know you are
So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the orphans;
'Tis but six thousand pound in money, Colonel,
Among them all, beside some trifling plate
And jewels worth a thousand more.

Col. No more?

Luc. My jointure will be firm to us, two hundred
Per annum.

Col. Is it so? and that will keep
A country house, some half-a-dozen cows;
We shall have cheese and butter-milk; one horse
Will serve me and your man to ride to markets.

Luc. Can'st be content to live i'the country, Colonel?

Col. And watch the pease, look to the hay, and talk
Of oats and stubble; I have been brought up to't,
And, for a need, can thrash.

Luc. That will save somewhat.

Col. I'the year, beside my skill in farrowing pigs.
O 'tis a wholesome thing to hold the plough,
And wade up to the calf i'the dirty furrows!
Worse than sleeping in a trench or quagmire;

You have not heard me whistle yet.

Luc. No, indeed.

Col. Why, there's it; she does counterfeit. Well, lady,
Be you in jest or earnest, this is my
Resolution; I'll marry you, an' you'd forty children,
And not a foot of land to your jointure; heaven
Will provide for us, an' we do our endeavours;
Where be the children? come, how many boys?

Luc. As many as you can get, sir.

Col. How?

Luc. No more.

Since you're so noble, know, I tried your patience,
And now I am confirm'd; my estate is yours
Without the weight of children or of debts;
Love me, and I repent not.

Col. Say'st thou so?

I would we had a priest here.

Luc. There remains to take away one scruple.

Col. Another gimcrack?

Luc. I have none: 'tis your doubt, sir;
And ere we marry you shall be convinc'd
Some malice has corrupted your opinion
Of that we call the ball.

Col. Your dancing business.

Luc. I will entreat your company to-night,
Where your own eyes shall lead you to accuse
Or vindicate our fames.

Col. With all my heart.

Scu. Madam, Mr. Bostock
Expects within.

Luc. You shall be reconcil'd to him.

Col. With Bostock? willingly; then to the ball;
Which, for your sake, I dare not now suspect;
Where union of hearts such empire brings,
Subjects, methinks, are crown'd as well as kings. [*exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LE FRISKE, *and* SERVANTS *with perfumes.*

Le Fris. *Bon, fort bon*; here a little, dere a little more.
My lord hire dis house of the city merchant; begar, it
smell musty, and he will have all sweet for de ladies: per-
fume, perfume every corner presently, for dere is purpose
to make all smoke anon, begar.

Enter LADY ROSAMOND, HONORIA, *and* FRESHWATER.

Tres humble serviteur, madame!

Hon. Where is my lord?

Le Fris. He wait on you presently;—Monsieur de Fresh-
water.

Fres. Monsieur Le Friske, these ladies were pleas'd
To command my attendance hither.

Le Fris. Welcome to de ball, *par ma foi*; you pardon,
monsieur, I have much trouble in my little head, I can no
stay to complement; *a votre service!* [*exit.*]

Fres. In all my travels, I have not seen a more

Convenient structure.

Ros. Now you talk of your travels, signior, 'till my lord

Come, you shall do us a special favour to
Discourse what passages you have seen abroad.

Hon. Were you ever abroad before, signior?

Fres. I hardly ever was at home ; and yet,
All countries to the wise man are his own :
Did you never travel, ladies ?

Ros. We are no ladies errant ; 'tis enough
For such as you, that look for state employment.

Fres. Yet there be ladies have your languages,
And, married to great men, prove the better statesmen.

Ros. We have heard talk of many countries.

Fres. And you may hear talk ; but give me the man
That has measur'd them : talk's but talk.

Hon. Have you scen a fairer city than London ?

Fres. London is nothing—

Ros. How nothing ?

Fres. To what it will be a hundred years hence.

Ros. I have heard much talk of Paris.

Hon. You have been there, I'm sure.

Enter LORD RAINEBOW.

Fres. I tell you, madam, I took shipping at
Gravesend, and had no sooner past
The Cantons and Grisons, making some stay
In the Valteline, but I came to Paris ; a pretty
Hamlet, and much in the situation like Dunstable ;
'Tis in the province of Alcontara, some three leagues

Distant from Seville, from whence we have our oranges.

Lord R. Is the fellow mad?

Ros. I have heard Seville is in Spain.

Fres. You may hear many things ;
The people are civil that live in Spain, or there
May be one town like another ; but if Seville
Be not in France, I was never at Seville in my life.

Hon. Proceed, sir.

Fres. Do not I know PARIS ? it was built by the youngest
son

Of king Priam, and was call'd by his name ; yet some
Call it Lutetia, because the gentlewomen there
Play so well upon the lute.

Lord R. What a rascal is this !

Fres. Here I observ'd many remarkable buildings, as the
University, which some call the Louvre, where the
Students made very much of me, and carried me
To the Bear-garden, where I saw a play on the
Bank-side, a very pretty comedy, call'd Match me
In London.

Ros. Is't possible ?

Fres. But there be no such comedians as we have here ;
Yet the women are the best actors, they play
Their own parts ; a thing much desir'd in England
By some ladies, inns o'court gentlemen, and others ;
But that, by the way.

Hon. See, sir.

Fres. I had staid longer there, but I was offended with a
Villainous scent of onions, which the wind brought from
St. Omers.

Ros. Onions would make you sleep well.

Fres. But the scent is not to be endur'd; I smelt
Of 'em when I came to Rome, and hardly 'scap'd the
Inquisition for't.

Hon. Were you at Rome too, signior?

Fres. 'Tis in my way to Venice. I'll tell you: madam, I
was very
Loth to leave their country.

Ros. Which country?

Fres. Where was I last?

Hon. In France.

Fres. Right; for I had a very good inn, where mine
host

Was a notable good fellow, and a cardinal.

Ros. How, a cardinal? O, impudence!

Fres. Oh the catches we sang! and his wife, a pretty
woman,

And one that warms a bed one o'the best in Europe.

Hon. Did you ever hear the like?

Ros. I did before suspect him.

Fres. But mine host,—

Hon. The cardinal?

Fres. Right,—had a shrewd pate, and his ears were
something

Of the longest, for one, upon the oath of a w——

Walloon, that —— from Spain to the Low-

Countries, and the other from Lapland into Germany.

Ros. Say you so?

Fres. A parlous head, and yet loving to his guest
As mine host Bankes; as red in the gills, and as merry

A —; but anger him, and he sets all Christendom
 Together by the ears. Well, shortly after I left
 France, and sailing along the Alps, I came to
 Lombardy, where I left my cloak, for it was very
 Hot travelling, and went a pilgrimage to Rome,
 Where I saw the tombs, and a play in Pompey's
 Theatre; here I was kindly entertain'd by an anchorite,
 In whose chamber I lay, and drank cider.

Lord R. Nay, now he is desperate.

Hon. Do not interrupt him.

Fres. What should I trouble you with many stories?

From hence

I went to Naples, a soft kind of people, and cloth'd
 In silk; from thence I went to Florence, from whence we
 Have the art of working custards, which we call
 Florentines; Milan, a rich state of
 Haberdashers; Piedmont, where I had excellent venison;
 And Padua, famous for the pads, or easy saddles,
 Which our physicians ride upon, and first brought from
 Thence when they commenc'd doctor.

Ros. Very good.

Fres. I saw little in Mantua beside dancing upon the
 ropes,

Only their strong beer, better than any I
 Ever drank at the Trumpet; but Venice, of all
 The Champaign countries,—do not mistake, they are the
 Valiantest gentlemen under the sun.

Ros. Is that it?

Fres. O the Catazaners* we turn'd there!

* Probably a mis-print for *Cortezanas*.

Hon. Who was with you?

Fres. Two or three magnificos, grandees of the state;
We tickled them in the very Rialto; by the same
Token, two or three English spies told us they had lain
Lieger three months to steal away the Piatzo, and ship
It for Covent Garden, a pretty fabric, and building
Upon the — but I was compell'd to make
Short stay here, by reason of the Duke's concubine
Fell in love with me, gave me a ring of his, out of
A solid diamond, which afterwards I lost washing my
Hands in the salt water.

Hon. You should have fish'd for't, and had as good
luck as
She that found her wedding ring in the
Haddock's belly.

Fres. No, there was no staying; I took post horse
presently
For Genoa, and from thence to Madrid, and so to
The Netherlands.

Ros. And how sped you among the Dutch?

Fres. Why, we were drunk every day together; they get
their
Living by it.

Hon. By drinking?

Fres. And making bargains in their tipping:
The Jews are innocent, nay, the devil himself
Is but a dunce to them, of whose trade they are.

Hon. What's that?

Fres. They fish, they fish still, who can help it? they
Have nets enough, and may catch the Province

In time, then let the kingdoms look about them ;
 They can't be idle, and they have one advantage
 Of all the world, they'll have no conscience to trouble
 Them. I heard it whisper'd they want butter ; they have
 A design to charm the Indies, and remove their
 Dairy, but that, as a secret, shall go no further.
 I caught a surfeit of boar in Holland ; upon my
 Recovery I went to Flushing, where I met with a handsome
 Frow, with whom I went to Middleborough, by the ——
 And left her drunk at Rotterdam ; there I took
 Shipping again for France, from thence to Dover,
 From Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Qucen-
 Hithe, and from thence to what I am come to.

Lord R. And, noble signior, you are very welcome.

Fres. I hope he did not over-hear me.

Lord R. I am much honour'd, ladies, in your presence.

Fres. Absence had been a sin, my lord, where you
 Were pleas'd to invite.

Enter MONSIEUR LE FRISKE.

Le Fris. Fie, fie, my lord, give me one eare.

[*he whispers with Lord Rainebow.*]

Lord R. Interrupt me no more, good monsieur.

Fres. Monsieur Le Friske, a word, a word, I beseech
 you ;

No *excusez moi.*

[*exit Freshwater and Le Friske.*]

Lord R. Have you thought, ladies, of your absent ser-
 vant ?

Within whose heart the civil war of love—

Ros. May end in a soft peace.

Lord R. Excellent, lady!

Hon. We had armies too, my lord, of wounded thoughts.

Lord R. And are you agreed to which I must devote
My loving service? and which is wisest, fairest?
Is it concluded yet?

Hon. You did propound
A hard province, and we could not
Determine as you expected; but, if
Your flame be not extinct, we have devis'd
Another way.

Lord R. You make my ambition happy.
And, indeed, I was thinking 'twas impossible
That two such beauties should give place to either,
And I am still that humble votary
To both your loves.

Ros. Then this; we have made lots,
That, what we cannot, fate may soon divide,
And we are fix'd to obey our destiny:
There are but two, one and your wishes guide you.

Lord R. And will you satisfy my chance?

Hon. We should
Be else unjust.

Lord R. What method shall we use?

Ros. Your hat, my lord,
If you vouchsafe the favour.

Hon. Dare you expose your head to the air so long?

Lord R. Most willingly; put in.

Ros. There is fortune.

Hon. That draw which quickly tells how much I love
you.

Lord R. So, so, now let me see ; I commend your device,
Since I am incapable of both,
This is a way indeed ; but your favour.

Ros. Let's have fair play, my lord.

Lord R. What fool is he,
That, having the choice of mistresses, will be
Confin'd to one, and rob himself? I am yet
The favorite of both ; this is no policy ;
I could make shift with both a-bed.

Ros. You are merry.

Lord R. In troth, and so I am ; and in the mind
I am in, will give myself no cause to the contrary.
D'ye see? I'll draw you both.

Hon. How ! both ?

Lord R. You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd ;
I'll be content to marry one, and do
Service to the other's petticoat ; I must tell you,
I am not without precedent.

Hon. There you triumph.

Lord R. Within the name of Venus——ha ! a blank :
By this light ! nothing, neither name nor mark.

Both. Ha, ha, ha !

Lord R. This is a riddle yet.

Ros. 'Tis quickly solv'd :
Your lordship was too confident ;
We never were at such a loss, my lord,
As, with the hazard of our wit or honour,
To court you with so desperate affection.

Hon. By our example know, some ladies may
Commend, nay, love a gentleman, and yet

Be safe in their own thoughts, and see as far
As modesty and honour will allow us :
We are still servants to your lordship.

Lord R. Say so? why look you, ladies, that you may
perceive

How I can be temperate too ; first, I thank you
Heartily, and, to recompense your wit,
Present another lottery ; you shall not
Suspect I have a thought that will betray
Your innocence to scandal ; let me entreat
You take your chance too : this for you, madam,
And this is left your fortune ; do me honour
To wear these pair of jewels for my sake :
So, with a confidence of your happy pardon
To what is past, hereafter I shall pay
To your true virtues, better service than
So unnecessary trials.

Ros. And to shew

We are not coy, my lord, we'll wear your jewels.

Lord R. And be their ornament.

Enter LUCINA, COLONEL, BOSTOCK, and FRESHWATER.

Col. All happiness to your lordship !

Your crewels are not full set, noble ladies.

Lord R. Your presence will soon make us active ; madam,
I was bold.

Bos. She has your diamond, my lord.

Lord R. And can you pardon ?

Bos. Nay, nay, we are friends, are
We not, madam ?

Luc. I were else unmerciful.

Bos. The Colonel too has given me satisfaction.

Col. I think you had enough.

Bos. As much as I desir'd ; and here's my hand ;
While I can draw a sword, command me—

Col. What ?

Bos. To put it up again ; all friends, all friends !
A pox of quarrelling !

Col. I kiss your hand, sir.

Bos. Kiss my hand, kiss my — noble ladies here.

Col. Why is music silent all this while ?
Has it no voice to bid these ladies welcome ?

[*a golden ball descends.*]

Enter VENUS, CUPID, and DIANA.

Ven. Come, boy, now draw thy powerful bow,
Here are ladies' hearts enow
To be transfix'd ; this meeting is
To ruffle ladies, and to kiss :
These are my orgies ; from each eye
A thousand wanton glances fly ;
Lords and ladies of the game,
Each breast be full of my own flame.
Why shoots not Cupid ? these are all
Met in honour of my ball,
Which Paris gave to Ida hill ;
I'll maintain these revels still.
Why stays Cupid all this while ?

Dia. Venus doth herself beguile.

Ven. Diana here ? go back again.

Dia. These are none of Venus' train ;
 No spark of this lascivious fire
 Dwells in their bosoms, no desire,
 But what doth fill Diana's breast,
 In their modest thoughts do rest.
 Venus, this new festival,
 Shall be still Diana's ball ;
 A chaste meeting ever here :
 Seek thy votaries other where.

Ven. You're chaste, indeed! do not we know,
 You to your sweetheart nightly go,
 Envyng one is not kiss'd ; no, you
 On his face but let fall dew ;
 Some may wonder what doth ail
 Your lips, but kisses made them pale ;
 Methinks the moon should blush !

Dia. I do,
 Sometimes, but 'tis for such as you :
 Then hide myself within a mist,
 For shame to see thee clipp'd and kiss'd.

Ven. Draw, Cupid ; shall thy mother be
 Brand by a huntress ? let me see—
 I want one shaft.

Cup. Mother, not so ;
 You may quickly break my bow :
 Here Diana doth command,
 My bow is frozen to my hand ;
 Beside, the ladies' breasts are here
 Such proofs against my shafts, I fear
 Each arrow would, to our disgrace,

Break, or rebound in my own face ;
 Mother, fly hence, or you will be,
 If you'll stay, made as chaste as she.

Ven. Can her magick charm them so ?
 Then 'tis time that Venus go,
 To seek her own more choice delight.
 Against my will, enjoy this night.

Dia. Cupid, if you mean to stay,
 Throw your licentious shafts away ;
 Then you are Love, then be embrac'd,
 Love is welcome while he's chaste.
 Now some other strain, to show
 What pleasures to this night we owe.

[*a dance.*]

Enter BARKER, like a Satyr, dancing.

Fres. My lord, my ladies, will you see a monster?
 I have not met such another in all my travels.

Luc. What have we here, a satyr ?

Bos. No, 'tis a dancing bear.

Lord R. What is the device ?

Bar. Wonder that a satyr can
 Put off wildness, and turn man ;
 Love such miracles can do :
 But this owes itself to you,
 Bright lady.

Ros. Keep the goblin from me, gentlemen.

Bar. You'll know me.

All. Barker.

Bar. No more the cynick ; I protest,
 You have converted me.

Ros. Your meaning, sir?

Bar. I am the man you did encourage, madam,
To learn to dance; I shall do better shortly;
Your love will perfect me, and make me soft
And smooth as any reveller.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha! my love! I am not mad to love a satyr,
For that's thy best condition. Judge, men all,
How scurvily this civility shews in him!
'Faith! rail, and keep your humour still, it shews excel-
lent;

Does he not become the beast?
The lords allow you pension.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Bar. You are a witch; I'll justify it, and there is not
One honest thought among the whole sex of you:
D'ye laugh, loose witted ladies? there are not
In hell such furies, that's a comfort yet
To him that shall go thither; he shall have
Less torment after death than he finds here.

Lord R. Why, Barker?

Bar. Your wit has got the squirt too; I'll traduce
Your ball for this, and if there be a poet,
That dares write mischief, look to be worse
Than executed. [*exit.*

Lord R. He will come to himself again, when he hath
purg'd.

Freshwater! [*takes him aside.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and SIR AMBROSE.

Mar. Madam, your servants beg this favour from you.

Ros. What is't ?

Mar. That, since your resolutions will admit
No change of hearts, you will not publish how
We have been jeer'd.

Ros. Not jeer'd, but you came on so desperate.

Hon. We love our own, when we preserve
Gentlemen's honour.

Col. Then let's toss the ball.

Lord R. Signior Freshwater.

Fres. Mercy and silence, as you are honorable !

Lord R. May it concern these gentlemen ?

Fres. Why, if I must—gentlemen, you imagine I have
been

At Venice, but I staid at Gravesend
All this summer, expecting a wind, and finding it
So uncertain, will defer the voyage till the spring ;
I am not the first whom the winds and seas have cross'd.

Mar. Then you have cross'd no sea ?

Fres. If you please, I'll require
But my principal ; and, for your good company,
I'll stay at home for good, and all to be merry.

Lord R. Nay, nay, you shall go your voyage :
We would not have you lose the benefit
Of travel : when you come home, you may summon
Your debtors by a drum, and, shewing your bag
Of certificates—

Bos. Receive your money when you can get it, and be
Knighted.

Fres. I thank you, gentlemen ; I am in a way, now ;
I have sold my land, and put out my money,

To live ; I see my heart will not dance to night.
I may to Gravesend in the morning,
I can be but pickl'd in salt water, and I'll
Venture one drowning to be reveng'd.

Again, again ; set, set.

[*a dance.*]

Luc. What think you of all this ?

Col. To my wishes, an innocent and generous recreation.

Lord R. Ladies and gentlemen, now a banquet waits you ;
Be pleas'd to accept, 'twill give you breath, and then,
Renew our revels, and to the ball again.

[*exeunt.*]

THE END.

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